

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Ready Every Friday 1d.

SOME THINGS THAT HAVE GONE DOWN

HOME OF THE THREE R'S TYRE TREMBLES BEFORE THE ARABS

Ruined Land which Founded
the Alphabet

BUT LEFT NO BOOKS

Say unto Tyrus

Thy borders are in the midst of the sea;
thy builders have perfected thy beauty.All the ships of the sea with their mariners
are in thee to occupy thy merchandise.With silver, iron, tin, and lead, men traded
in thy wares; they traded with horses and
mules and vessels of brass; with emeralds,
purple, fine linen, coral, and agate.Thy riches, thy wares, thy merchandise,
thy mariners, thy pilots, and all thy men of
war, shall fall in the day of thy ruin.

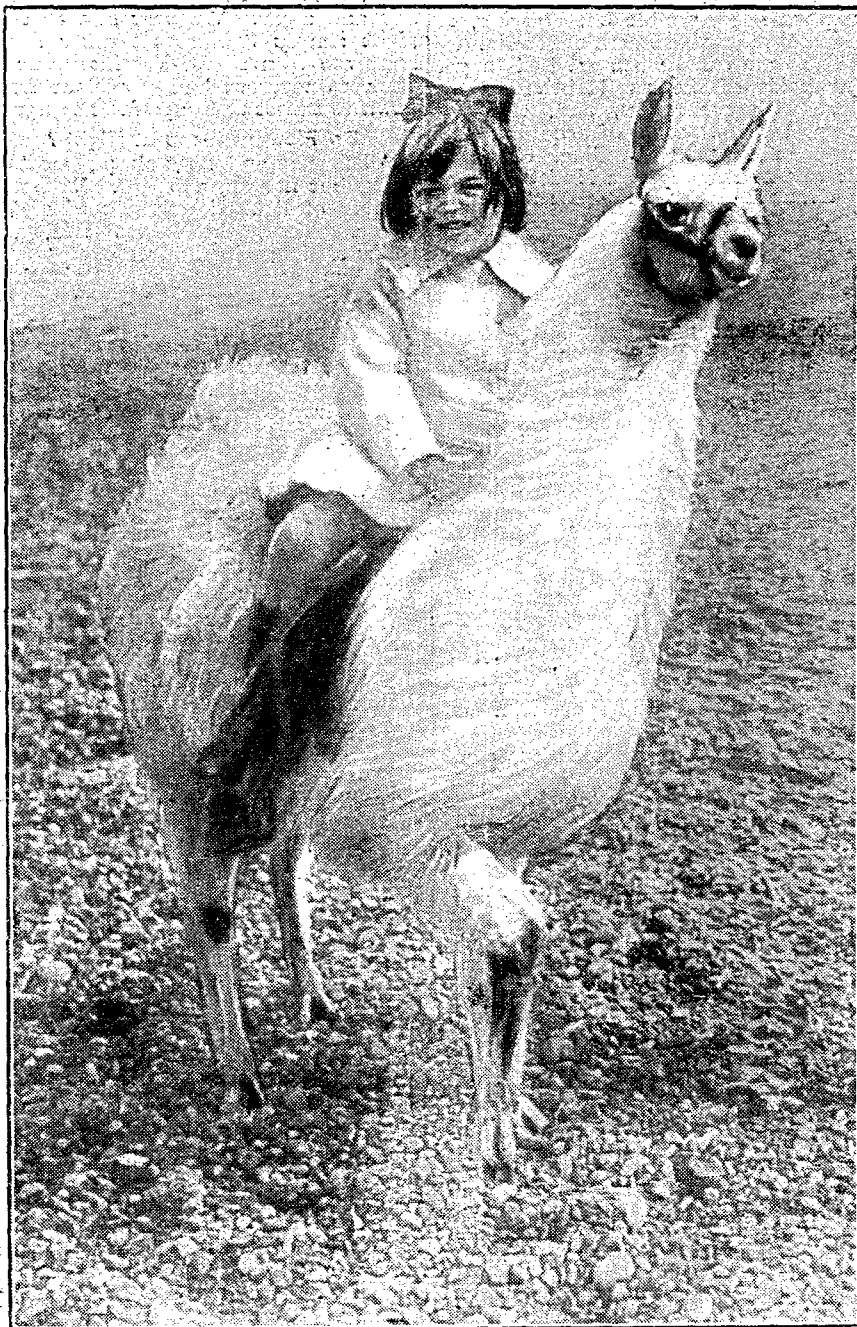
From the Bible

And now the great Tyre of the ancient
world is trembling before an Arab tribe!A reign of terror has arisen in Tyre
and Sidon; the two cities having been
attacked by a warlike tribe of Arabs.Time brings wonderful things to pass,
but seldom does a stranger thing than
this happen. This little Tyre of to-day,
with 5000 people dwelling amid old-
time ruins, in terror of their very lives,
was the mother of Carthage.Carthage, with its incomparable con-
queror, Hannibal, was a colony of Tyre,
this Tyre which a band of marauding
Arabs threatens now with terror. Before
the walls of Tyre, once the richest
and most splendid city of the East, the
armies of Shalmaneser, Nebuchadnezzar,
and Alexander the Great have appeared
as besieging hosts.

City of Magic Memories

But the history of the city is instinct
with magic, apart from the annals of
empire, commerce, and war. Tyre was
the proudest city of the Phoenicians,
and every child today who can read its
A B C owes the old city a debt. The
Phoenicians, known by the general term
of Canaanites, were the first people to
advance writing from crude pictures
and cuneiform characters to the dignity
and science of an alphabet.We may call Tyre the home of the
three R's—reading, writing, and arith-
metic. Its people were the first known
inventors of arithmetic, of the art of
navigation, of the science of weights and
measures, of glass manufacture, of coin-
age, of astronomy. If these sciences
did not all actually arise with the
Phoenicians, the knowledge of them was
carried to other countries by them.Creators of literature, they left no
literature, and the daughter colony,
Carthage, after six centuries of power,
left nothing—the Romans destroyed all
the Carthaginian books, save three, when
they conquered the city.Yet Tyre, a ruin of unmatched
memories, is with us still, and trembles at
the shaking of an Arab spear.

A Ride on the Golden Sands

One of the great attractions of a seaside holiday at Folkestone this year is the llama, on which
boys and girls can ride along the beach

A YOUNG MAN AND HIS HOUSE RISING RAPIDLY TO FAME

Son of a Rothschild and His
Beautiful Home in Kent

LUXURY CAESAR NEVER KNEW

One of the most-talked-of young men
of the last few weeks has been Sir Philip
Sassoon, at whose rare house at Lympne,
in Kent, looking over Romney Marsh
to the English Channel, the Prime
Ministers of Great Britain and France
recently met to discuss their programme
at the coming meeting with the Prime
Minister of Germany.Sir Philip Sassoon is one of the private
secretaries to Mr. Lloyd George, and
was private secretary to General Haig
during the war. He is a son of Sir
Edward Sassoon, who was a close friend
of King Edward. His mother was a
Rothschild. The Sassoons are wealthy
Jewish bankers of the East, with head-
quarters in Bombay and Bagdad.

Lordly Pleasure House

When, at the age of 31, a young man
of the East is seen at the centres of
influence, in war and peace, in the gov-
erning circles of the West, he is likely
to be scrutinised closely, for he seems
on the way to still higher positions.But all that the world knows of Sir
Philip Sassoon is pleasant enough. He
belongs to the West by breeding if he
belongs to the East by birth. His
Western training is seen in his love of
sport and exercise; his Eastern ten-
dencies appear in his love of luxurious
surroundings—his building of a lordly
pleasure house, where Prime Ministers
may have more comforts than any mere
Court can afford.

Home that is Ever Changing

In Belcaire, the country house of his
young secretary, above the Kentish
flats, the Prime Minister might, if he
chose, have baths more luxurious and
varied than those of a Roman emperor
of old; apartments more magnificent
than Caesar ever knew; with all the
appliances of modern science to dispel
the darkness of night, the cold of winter,
or the heat of summer.And year by year Belcaire is changed
to express the taste of its young owner,
till those who watch its transformations,
under the builders' skill, wonder what
it will become, just as they wonder
what will be the later destiny of its young
owner, whose star has risen so swiftly.

Spiders and Music

A Yorkshire vicar calls attention to
the fact that an old book of 1830 points
out that spiders are well known to be
attracted by music, and quotes from a
poem written by a prisoner in his cell
to a spider whichCame down each morn to heed my
plaintive lay,
Joying, like me, to hear sweet music play.

YPRES M.C.—THE GREAT UNCONQUERED

It used to be said about many English
ways, "They do these things better in
France." Now, sometimes, the saying is
reversed. Indeed, a number of things
could be named where the more sober
English shine.There is not a more dignified figure
in the world than a London policeman at
a crossing. There is not a less dignified
figure than a French policeman, wildly
failing to do what his London confrère
does with a calm uplifting of his hand.But though now we do some things
better than they do them in France, we
are not above learning from our bright
neighbours. It was the French who
conceived the happy idea of publicly
honouring towns that have won distinc-
tion. Of course, towns have a personalityas much as countries. They are brave
and bright, and dull and proud. Why
should not the great and good towns be
honoured, like great and good men?France thinks they should be
honoured, and so she has decorated Paris
which bore herself magnificently under
the stress of war; and Verdun, which
witnessed France's agonising triumph
when she swore, "They shall not pass."And now we, the slower British people,
are copying our neighbours again. We
are honouring Ypres, the one uncon-
quered Belgian town, unconquered
though ruined. Lord French is giving
Ypres the British Military Cross for brave-
ry. Why not? A thousand times Yes.
For Ypres has made itself a name that
will never die out from human memory.

RATS ON THE WIRES

CURIOUS SIGHT OVER LONDON STREETS

Army of Blondins Creep From Place to Place in Safety

ANIMALS THAT NOTHING CAN STOP

A remarkable piece of news has been made known by Dr. W. J. Howarth, the medical officer of the City of London.

He says that on a bright night rats may be seen crossing from street to street in the City along the telephone wires. The rats imitate Blondin, the tight-rope walker.

It is not surprising. The rat is the most persistent of creatures, and it seems impossible to keep it away from anywhere. If one means of access is closed its ingenuity finds another.

Usually rats, like other animals, travel along the ground, sometimes in enormous numbers; but, no doubt, the constant traffic in the streets of London prevents this, and so they select the wires.

Armies of Rats on the March

Waterton, the naturalist, tells how a farmer near his home was returning one moonlight night about 11 o'clock when he came upon a large drove of rats travelling up a lane opening on the high road; and Frank Buckland also notes that early in the morning colonies of rats are often found marching in long lines from one barn to another.

He also tells us how, about three o'clock one fine summer morning, a man driving near Kingston met such a march of rats and pulled up sharply, whereupon the line of rats filed off to right and left of his gig and passed by without taking any further notice.

Coming upon one of these marches a clergyman at Quorn, in Leicestershire, saw an old blind rat among the others holding a piece of stick in its mouth, while another rat held the other end and thus conducted its blind companion.

Famous Poem About the Rats

Of course, in crossing the streets by the telephone wires, the rats are only following their practice of reaching moored ships from the shore. Unless a funnel or a large metal disc is placed on the mooring rope as a barrier, the rats will use it as a regular causeway between the ship and the quay. When access that way is barred, they often swim to the ship and climb up the anchor chain.

All boys and girls know the poem about Bishop Hatto and the army of rats, as told by Robert Southey.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep;
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.

Rats are great climbers. The writer has seen a rat climb up the water-pipe outside a house, and the animal can even climb up a wall.

Robbing the Orchard

At Manchester, some time ago, a rat was seen to climb up the spoke of a railway carriage wheel to the axle-box, raise the spring lid with one of its fore-paws, and plunge its head into the grease for a meal. When it had finished it let the lid down, descended by the spoke, and trotted off home.

Rats sometimes climb fruit trees and currant bushes to get at the fruit, and a watch in a garden belonging to Oriel College, Oxford, where fruit had disappeared mysteriously, showed that rats were the culprits. They climbed the trees as cleverly as any boy.

If the rat cannot travel one way it will find another means of transport. During a flood of the River Tyne a rat travelled on the back of a swan. People standing on the margin of the river, seeing a swan swimming towards them with a black spot on its plumage, watched, and as the swan drew near the spot proved to be a live rat. When the bird came close to shore the rat leapt off and ran away.

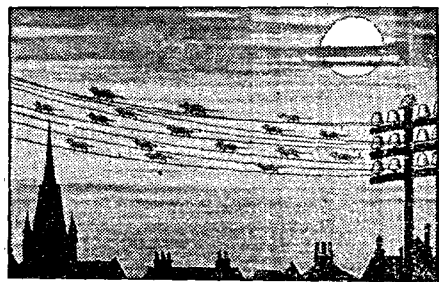
A LAST LOOK ON RUSSIA

Tsar's Sister's Farewell PATHETIC SCENE ON A STEAMER

We gave some time ago an account of the flight of the Grand Duchess Olga, the youngest sister of the murdered Tsar, from Russia. Now this description of how the remnant of Anti-Bolsheviks left their country reaches the Times from an eye witness, who tells, pathetically, how they felt.

In that crowded loneliness people grew strangely intimate. Conventions, prejudices, rank, party labels counted for little. There was a common grief, and a common hope, remote but undying, of the final re-establishment of Russia.

The time came when we had to go. The holds of the s.s. Habsburg were filled with passengers, and, climbing down, I found scores of acquaintances camped among their bedding. Here was the wife and family of a Minister, there



Rats' route across London. See previous column

a lady philanthropist from Petrograd, farther on M. Rodzianko, the President of the Duma, with his arm in a sling, and surrounded by grandchildren and nephews and nieces. Rich and poor were jumbled together in common helplessness.

Next day the loading was completed. The passengers crowded along the taffrail and strained their eyes for a last look at Russia.

I looked down the line and saw one woman, simply dressed, undistinguishable in any way from the other refugees, who was gazing out over the hills with a peculiar intensity. It was the Grand Duchess Olga, the last of the Romanoffs to leave the Russia over which Romanoffs had ruled for 300 years.

The Habsburg steamed swiftly out to sea. The night fell. Russia was hidden from our eyes.

HOW TO MAKE A NOISE

Fine Game for Boys

Great Britain has been the first country to learn the true value of active competitive games.

Games educate us unawares in fairness, self-control, combined action, pluck, the power to lose and still to smile, and in many more manly virtues. So well is this now understood that the London County Council is teaching its teachers new games to teach their children.

One game for cold weather is certain to be liked by the youngsters. It is to "Make a Big Noise"—only the voice must not be used. Clapping, stamping, jumping, slapping oneself, are all allowed, and the result is self-made heat. Try to see how big a noise you can make without your voice, and you will be surprised how difficult it is.

ABOUT OUR FISHES

Not Much Hope for the Rivers

A committee appointed by the Board of Fisheries has reported on freshwater fish, but from the point of view of food production the report is not encouraging.

Except trout, fish cannot be cultivated inland with much profit, the committee thinks.

Our knowledge of the life-history of the salmon is so defective that the committee suggests a small salmon river should be acquired by the Ministry for purposes of experiment and study.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by our Natural Historian

Here our Natural Historian, Mr. Ernest Bryant, will be glad to give brief answers to questions concerning natural history. All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one on each card.

How Small Is a Humming-Bird?

Among the 500 species of humming-birds some are so tiny that a full-grown bird, stripped of its feathers, does not exceed the size of a humble bee.

Does the Nightingale Sing by Day?

Yes; during the nesting season, while his mate is brooding her eggs, the male sings, with brief intervals of rest, both day and night. We hear him best at night simply because all other song-birds are then silent, but his music is often as vigorous and persistent from dawn to sunset as from sunset to dawn.

Do Flowers Sleep at Night?

All flowers and trees sleep; most of them, but not all, at night. With the passing of light the flowers of night-sleepers close, the leaves fold, the stalks of the majority droop.

But many white flowers attain their highest activity at night. The honeysuckle, the evening campion, the night-scented stock, the tobacco plant, and others open their blooms to the utmost, and give forth their fullest fragrance in the dark, in order to attract moths.

Why Do Leaves Turn Yellow in Autumn?

As a leaf nears the end of its life, moisture is displaced by the salts of potash, lime, and other substances, and the leaf undergoes an internal chemical change. Outward evidences of that change are the yellow, brown, scarlet, and purple tones of autumn.

What Are the Markings in Wood?

These reveal secrets of growth hidden, in the living tree, by the bark. They show us the texture assumed by the wood in the process of formation. In length we see the sheath of growth formed beneath the bark in a year; when we cut across the grain we see all the successive rings revealed. Knots are parts from which branches grew out.

What Is the Biggest Animal?

Sibbald's whalebone whale, of which examples measuring 85 feet in length, and weighing perhaps 100 tons, have been caught. Taking length and bulk there have never been bigger animals in the world than these former land-dwellers, the whales. Before they were so fiercely hunted by man whales must have lived to attain greater dimensions than those we now know.

Why Are Trees Round?

A tree is formed of innumerable cells which in spring and summer become merged to form pipes through which sap ascends to feed boughs and leaves.

As the tree ages each new cellular growth of one year becomes enclosed by a new cellular growth of the following summer. The new growth squeezes the old growth equally from all directions, presses in as by a vice-like ring, and the result is bound to be circular. A tree could not become so tough and fibrous if it grew square, for the four-cornered shape could not be uniformly compressed.

What Does a Snail Make His Shell With?

The snail obtains carbonate of lime from the plants on which he feeds. It circulates in his blood, but on reaching the mantle it is separated from the blood and poured out as fluid mineral.

This is mixed with a substance resembling that of which chitin—the covering of insects—is formed, and on exposure to the air the lime and animal matter combine and become the snail's shell.

Which Animal Lives Longest?

The word animal includes every living thing which has sensation and voluntary motion, and so embraces reptiles, birds, fishes, and insects. Of land animals the longest lived is the elephant, which takes 40 years to mature, is said to live 150 years, and is believed capable of still greater age given abundance of food.

WORLD'S HISTORY IN 40 STORIES

Victory Book. "Like a Whirlwind"

ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS

The demand for the Editor's book, "Who Giveth Us the Victory," has called forth a new edition, and the publishers, Allen and Unwin, have still a few copies available at 5s. each.

This is what one of the London newspapers told its millions of readers about this book.

It seems to take you like a whirlwind from the Nebula to the Millennium, from the beginning to the end of the world in forty short stories. Whatever you want is apparently here—science, history, faith, patriotism, politics—all with a boundless optimism and a confidence that all is well.

You will not believe half of it, for the story of the rise of England in the world is more incredible than fiction; but one thing you will believe, after reading it: you will believe that it is good to be alive.

And this is what we read in Nature, the chief scientific paper in London.

Mr. Mee says, in simple words and with some passion, what many great thinkers have said learnedly and with more restraint. His book is timely and on the side of the angels, and though we spell some of the words differently, we heartily wish it good speed.

Burning Like a Fire

From Dr. Clifford comes this note, written after reading the book.

It is a great word of the Lord, and must have free course. It is a prophet's oracle, and proceeds from one in whom it has been burning like a fire. It rings with conviction, and is aflame with urgency. It is the only true faith, quickens the only appropriate feelings, and guides to the only just action. It will do incalculable good. God be praised!

The book is divided into six divisions, embracing nearly all departments of knowledge, under the following heads.

God Intervening—The Impregnable Rock of Faith.

God and His Kingdoms—The Boundless Realms of Life and Matter and Mind.

Man and the Universe—The Great Alliance of the Forces of Evolution.

Combat of Good and Evil—Triumphs of Man in the Incredible Past.

The Peace of Great Britain—Was it Worth the Keeping?

The End of it All—The Vision Splendid Looms before the Troubled Human Race.

As there are but a few hundred copies left of the new edition, the book can only be supplied to those who order it immediately.

STONEMASON WINS FAME

A Triumph in Scholarship

By returning as Professor of French Language and Literature to the South Wales University College, Dr. Morgan Watkin has completed a triumphal circuit in scholarship.

As a stonemason he was working in Swansea and attending an evening school, when an examiner in languages was much impressed by his evident aptitude for French.

This led to his entry into the University College, where he speedily eclipsed all his fellow students, and after continuing his studies on the Continent, with distinction, he joined the staff of the University of South Africa.

Now Dr. Watkin returns to his old college as professor of the studies by which he first attracted attention. He is known throughout the world of scholarship as one of the greatest authorities on French and allied tongues.

Wales will welcome him proudly to the scene of his first honours.

THINGS THAT HAVE GONE DOWN

CHEAPER THAN BEFORE

Saving on Taxi and Tram Rides THE EMPTY SOVEREIGN PURSE

It is very hard to think of things that have gone down in price since the war began. It was not very easy to think of things that had not gone up, but our readers made up a very respectable list between them.

Here are some of the things noted by our readers as having gone down.

Sovereign purses
Saccharine
Cost of the Kaiser's portrait
Income tax for some married men
Certain Army binoculars
Flint pipe-lighters
Cost of gas in Middlesbrough
Price of certain used stamps
Certain London tram fares
The mile fare in a taxi
Sunderland gas from 1s. 40d. to 1s. 5d.

Some of these things are down today as compared with 1914, and some are down as compared with the late years of the war. Perhaps the most interesting item of all is the sovereign purse, though here the fact is a little complicated, because these are chiefly made of silver or gold, and the recent rise in the price of these metals has given the purses an extra value for melting down. It does happen, however, that sovereign purses have been at a discount since sovereigns disappeared from the currency, and sovereign purses not made of silver or gold are now much cheaper than before the war.

Trams and Taxis

The reduced tram fares in London have come about through a very interesting policy of the County Council. The crowding of the trams has long been a very perplexing problem to deal with, and the policy of cheaper fares is now being adopted between certain hours on all trams timed to arrive at a London terminus between half-past ten and half-past four, or to leave a London terminus between ten and four. There is now a maximum charge for a continuous journey in one car, and this is 2d., as compared with 3d. in 1914.

The saving on the first mile in a taxi is a very interesting effect of the new system of cab fares. The charge used to be a minimum of 8d. for the first mile, with an extra war 6d., so that the cheapest possible ride in a taxi came to 1s. 2d. The war 6d. having now disappeared, and the minimum charge for a mile being fixed at 1s., it is now possible to save 2d. on the first mile in every taxi we take.

Several correspondents point out that the catalogue of the Soane Museum is bigger for the same price, and one ingenious reader reminds us that the cost of mending a kettle has gone down, for we can now buy penny things to mend a kettle with.

Water in the Milk

A merry reader points out that one thing that has gone down is the price of water in ink, as we get more for the same money. Perhaps he might have said the same about water in milk!

Among the many things mentioned not quite eligible for the list are these:

Some thrones
Many coins
The German navy

It has been exceedingly difficult to allot the guinea we offered for the best postcard, and the only thing we have been able to do is to send 10s. each to Arnold B. Swallow, 6, Firs Hill Road, Pitsmoor, Sheffield; Arthur Mace, 41, Inchmeny Road, Catford, S.E. 6; and Edward T. Letts, Blyton, Gainsborough.

SPIRIT OF A NATION

SHOWN IN ITS GAMES

Man Who Died to Make a Spanish Holiday

BARBARISM OF THE BULL-RING

The sports of a nation reveal that nation's mind. As nations advance they purify their games.

By this test Spain stands condemned as the most backward nation in Europe. She loves to play with cruelty and death. The sight of blood thrills her, as it thrills a savage.

She has just been making a great parade of sorrow over the death of Jose Gomez, one of the two most popular of her matadors, or bull-fighters, who was killed in the arena at Talavera.

Joselito, as his admirers called Gomez, was a Seville gipsy 25 years old, who had killed with his little sword over a thousand dazed and angry bulls. The four last he slew at Talavera, and then the fifth killed him.

The Spaniards think it is a splendid thing for a nimble man, with a red cloth in one hand and a sword in the other, to confuse and then kill a dull-minded bull, and now, when the bull has at last chanced to win, and to kill its man, those who looked on while he was done to death, have sent hundreds of wreaths to deck his coffin, and thousands of telegrams to make his friends proud of him.

Thrusting Back Civilisation

But is it a life to be proud of? Here are two of his appearances.

"He held the red cloth gently to the face of the beast until it nibbled affectionately at it. Thirty seconds later the bull was dead."

"Joselito went on both knees right in front of the bull's face, stroked his horns, and felt the points of them, then tickled his face with his sword, and the bull stood still and seemed to like it."

The next movement was the killing of that tame bull, and then Queen Ena, who was watching, threw her white handkerchief to the butcher, as a token of admiration.

And that is sport! That is Spanish sport! Truly a nation may be judged by its games. Spain makes a butcher its idol, and queens applaud the thrusting back of civilisation for five centuries.

CITY REFLECTED IN THE CLOUDS

An Australian Mirage

An Australian correspondent, who has been reading in My Magazine about pictures in the sky, sends us a description of a mirage as seen at the mountain town of Katoomba, in the island continent.

After a storm had passed, but while clouds still darkened the sky, a perfect mirage of a city, with all its lights clearly seen, appeared high in the heavens. Huge signs were displayed, with flashing advertisements.

Evidently it was the city of Sydney that was reflected upon the evening clouds. An advertisement was so clear that its lettering could be recognised.

USE OF THE LAND

Leicestershire's Distinction

In the year 1918 there were 1,400,000 allotments worked in this country. The highest number compared with the population was in Leicestershire, where there was one allotment for every three houses.

The allotments totalled 141,000 acres in the whole country, and 55,000 of these acres were provided by public bodies, the rest being rented from private owners of land.

KINEMA CAPTURES A GREAT HOUSE

A PIECE OF ENGLISH HISTORY

Picture-Goers May Sit Where Kings Once Dined

TURN OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL

The great, dull, closed-in mansion of the Dukes of Devonshire, in Piccadilly, looking down grimly on Green Park, is sold for £1,050,000. It is said that it is to be turned into a huge kinema, dancing-hall, and restaurant.

For its own sake, no passer-by will regret the destruction of Devonshire House, for strangers would scarcely believe it was not its own stables. But inside it was one of the genuinely "stately homes of England," with a great staircase of marble and crystal.

Its rooms were filled with pictures by the great artists, Titian and Tintoretto, Murillo, Jordaens, Rubens, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, and Reynolds. Its corridors echoed memories of the time when the Devonshires could go far towards making or unmaking kings.

King Who Ran Away

The first Duke was made a Duke for helping to put William III. on the throne. As an earl, he had been fined £30,000 for striking a man in the presence of James II. As he delayed paying, James asked for the money, and the Earl offered to bet him "double or quits" that the fine would be off by a certain date. It was off; for James was then a runaway king.

The third Duke, in 1737, built Devonshire House for £20,000; it has now been sold for over fifty times the money.

Here politicians plotted for 130 years, great ladies entertained, and social climbers longed to gain an entrance. And now the house, except its great staircase, is to be pulled down, and replaced by a place of entertainment for 6000 or more people.

Could there be a more significant illustration of the changes now going on?

THE PRINCE STOPS AT NOTHING

Ride on the Waves

Our young Prince, on his way round the world, stops at nothing that is pleasant and honourable. He is game for whatever is astir. Perhaps the happiest picture of him ever snapped is



The Prince preparing to ride the surf

the one shown here, sent to us by the man who took it. It shows the Prince preparing for surf-riding at Honolulu.

Surf-riding is no fun for a novice who is clumsy. The Pacific comes rolling in with waves long, strong, and swift. You swim out beyond the breaking waves, and then, with a flat board as a float, commit yourself to a rushing wave, and are swept forward till it exhausts itself.

But it is rare fun, and we see by the picture that the Prince enjoyed it, and that he has been as successful in surf-riding as he is in other things.

THE GOLDFIELD TOWN

LIFE IN JOHANNESBURG

South Africa Prepares for the Olympic Games

A BULL WORTH £10,000

From a schoolboy in Johannesburg we have received the following letter, telling us some facts which he thinks our readers should know

There are very few more famous towns in the world than Johannesburg, situated on the most wonderful goldfield in existence—the Rand.

On September 8, 1886, when the Transvaal was still the South African Republic, President Kruger proclaimed as "public diggings" certain portions of farms on which Johannesburg now stands, and in December of that year the only visible signs of the township were a few tents and reed structures, and the population numbered 50. Now Johannesburg has a total population of 260,000, of which 140,000 are Europeans.

Waiting Six Months for Rain

Now that English children see all the trees and fields green, we in South Africa are beginning to feel that the weather is getting colder. We do not have such winters as you have. Of course, our trees become leafless and our gardens flowerless, but we seldom see snow, except on high mountain ranges, and when we do it forms a nasty slush almost immediately. Our nights are cold and frosty, but nearly all our days are warm, more like your summer.

Then the grass on the veld becomes brown and dry, the ground in some places has big cracks, and water becomes scarce. In the Transvaal we shall probably not see rain for six months.

Last year the rains were very late all over the South African Union, and it had very serious effects. The price of butter, in some places, went up to 7s. 6d. per pound. Thousands of cattle perished from hunger and thirst, and natives were in danger of starvation.

Records in Sport

In spite of this terrible drought the Annual Witwatersrand Agricultural Show, which has just taken place, was a great success, both as regards attendance and exhibits. In five days 87,000 people visited it. Exhibits come from all parts of the Union, and are a great credit to this country, for cattle are being bred carefully. There was exhibited a huge Friesland bull, for which the price is £10,000.

South Africa will be well represented at the Olympic Games at Antwerp this year. The trials have just taken place. The 440 yards was run in 49½ seconds, Dafel winning, with Oldfield (Natal) second. The 440 yards hurdle was a splendid race, resulting in a Cape Colony man, Van Heerffen, winning in 58½ seconds, while the mile was won by Vogt, in 4 minutes 34½ seconds.

A great race was the 100 mile cycling race held on South African roads. It was won by H. Kaltenbrun in the splendid time of 4 hours 58 minutes 28 seconds, so it would be well to notice what he does at Antwerp. This is the first time the distance has been done under 5 hours in South Africa. He beat the record by 21 minutes 10 seconds.

A Fast Swimmer

The only swimmer elected to represent South Africa is Miss Blanche Nash, of Cape Town. The other day she made a South African ladies' record for 50 yards in 32 seconds.

A serious fire broke out in a grain elevator in Port Elizabeth the other day, resulting in a loss of 4000 tons of wheat. The damage is about £100,000.

The news that ostrich feathers have been banned at Court functions has caused considerable anxiety to the ostrich owners.

SLAVES OF EUROPEAN NATIONS

£2 APIECE TO SET THEM FREE

Black Facts About the Continent of Black Men

AFRICA'S FUTURE

The torrid continent of Africa has been brought nearer to the world in feeling by the Great War, for no races did their duty better than the black people who were under the ruling influence of France, Great Britain, Germany, Italy, and Portugal. They regarded as their own the causes of the white people they knew best, and they were brave, faithful, and hard-working. We ought now to do all we can to make their lives more truly happy.

First, we ought to know about them. The continent contains nearly 12,000,000 square miles and something like 20,000,000 people. Almost two-thirds of it is under British or French rule or influence. No longer is it "the dark continent"; and it is the duty of the democratic white races who have the oversight of it to study it, and accept responsibility for it in a sympathetic spirit.

Black Man's Problems

One thing we can do is to read a very informing book, "Africa: Slave or Free?" by John H. Harris, with a preface by Sir Sydney Olivier, published by the Student Christian Movement.

Few people know the black races more intimately than Sir Sydney Olivier and Mr. J. H. Harris, and this book tells of their good points and their weaknesses, the problems of their future, and how they may be grappled with. It gives facts that will help us to form for ourselves the opinions it is our duty to hold.

Probably few people know that there are still 300,000 slaves in Africa. The world is going on swiftly towards better days, in spite of its wars, and in some ways because of its wars. One thing is sure: it will not endure slavery anywhere much longer.

Buying and Selling Men

Slave-trading has been for centuries perhaps the greatest trade in Africa that belongs specially to that backward continent, and it is not confined to the parts of Africa where black men rule according to their ancient customs.

A report issued by the British Foreign Office states that there were in German East Africa 185,000 slaves in 1915, and the slaves in Portuguese West Africa were estimated at 20,000. Here were two European nations allowing the slavery of over 200,000 people to continue under their control.

It is true that arrangements were being made for gradually reducing the number, but the plan was working very slowly, and by it all would not be free till the year 1930. As the life of a slave is usually very short, that slow approach to freedom means that great numbers of the slaves will die in slavery, never entering the Promised Land of liberty.

How to Free the Slaves

It is all a question of money, as far as the slaves in European Protectorates are concerned. By paying down £400,000—say £2 apiece—all these slaves could be freed at once.

Will not the conscience of the civilised world demand, as soon as the League of Nations gets to work, that this money shall be paid, if this is the only method of redemption that can be followed?

Great Britain has won a noble fame through her work in suppressing the slavery that is an ancient and bitter inheritance in the equatorial lands which are the natural home of the black races. What is needed now is that the enlightened peoples of all the free countries should know quite clearly that this monstrous evil still exists where it might be suppressed. It is an evil that equally demoralises the slave and his owner, and dishonours countries which allow it to exist.

MYSTERY OF THE VOICE

WHERE ARE THE TENORS?

Famous Singers From Among the Poor

AND THE SINGERS LOST TO FAME

A casual remark by a famous singer has lately caused some surprise. "Of course, we have no tenors," said this lady. She means that England has no tenor singers of outstanding eminence. She is right.

Tenors are always scarce. We have had but two of world celebrity, Sims Reeves and Edward Lloyd, though there have always been some whom it was a delight to hear.

A really great tenor may appear only once in a generation, perhaps not so often as that. The same thing might be said with almost equal truth of other voices—sopranos, contraltos, basses. The average in these voices, however, seems higher than among tenors; but, even so, Patti stood almost unrivalled, and Melba and Tetrazzini are practically unchallenged today.

Remembering the Tunes

But we might expect the world to produce more tenors, for tenor from of old has been the most important voice. It was the leading voice in the great choirs and congregations. It comes from a word meaning "I hold"; the tenor held the lead, and for a strange reason.

In ancient days many of the chants and other tunes were not written down, they were learned by ear, generation after generation, and as the tenor had a high clear voice, and so was most easily heard, he always had to learn and lead the singing, and so was musically of supreme importance. Boys, who could be still better heard, could not be trusted to lead; and women's voices were not included in the services.

Voices in the Mine

There must be thousands of good tenor voices in the nation, but no one hears them who realises their worth, and the owners of the silvery voices remain without song or sound in the mine or workshop. Mr. Ben Davies was found in a little Welsh store, ignorant of the value of his voice; Mr. William Green was detected as a tenor of high quality when carolling at his work in a Lancashire cotton mill.

Sons and daughters of song, like the men who write their music, and the instrumentalists who play it, seem at the mercy of chance, doomed to wait until a predestined "someone" comes by.

Someone heard the lovely voice of Christine Nilsson, "the Swedish nightingale," singing for pennies at a fair, and saved her. Someone heard our great violinist, Marie Hall, playing for coppers in the street with her harpist father, and called her to school and safety.

Geniuses Lost to the World

It was ever thus. Haydn was one of a wheelwright's twenty children; Beethoven was the unhappy child of a ferocious drunkard; Paganini, greatest of all violinists, was the victim of a villainous street porter, his father.

The lives of these men and women show us upon what a slender chance the career of the musical genius hinges. Let but a tiny link in the chain of circumstance and coincidence break, and a career is lost. Perhaps when we become more educated, more artistic, and more mindful of the beauty of sound, we shall sympathetically seek for these obscure magicians of melody, and set them singing in our midst.

FISH THAT SEEMED TO KNOW

A Denbigh reader mentions that of a number of trout put in a pond in a quarry, one lived 28 years and another 29. They were shy except with the owner of the quarry and one workman. These they knew, and welcomed.

PAPER CRISIS

GROWING MORE ACUTE

The Paper Shortage in the Days of Jesus

CAESAR'S PAPER CONTROLLER

The world is faced today with a serious shortage of paper, such as it has not experienced since the time of Jesus, and everywhere the papers are putting up their prices.

As three-quarters of the paper made is used for printing, it can be understood that a paper famine would curtail or stop newspapers, books, and advertisements, and not only seriously upset business, but greatly handicap the spread of education.

The difficulty is partly caused by an increased demand, for paper is being put to all sorts of new uses. String, sacks, clothes, and carpets are now made from paper, and so there is an ever-increasing cry for it.

Bamboo to the Rescue

Before the War the United Kingdom alone used to import a million and a quarter tons of paper-making materials, a million of which came from Scandinavia, and formed a third of that land's output. In addition we imported 600,000 tons of paper ready made.

But there is now a shortage of wood-pulp, and unless fresh sources of paper supply are discovered, there must, in the next year or two, be a serious famine all over the world.

The Indian Government is experimenting with bamboo, and is hopeful that paper can be made from this plant. If so, the difficulty is solved, for there is enough bamboo in India alone to supply all the world with paper. This would not be available in any large quantities, however, for several years, as special factories would have to be built to deal with it.

Short Papyrus Crop

The paper trade is at its wits' end, and meanwhile the shortage is indicated by a rise of 600 per cent. in the cost of the pulp from which paper is made. The cost of paper is rising tremendously.

This is not the first time a shortage of paper has caused serious trouble to the world. Pliny, the famous Roman naturalist, who lost his life in the destruction of Pompeii, tells us that during the reign of Tiberius there was such a scarcity of paper, owing to the short crop of the papyrus plant from which it was made, that the price rose to fabulous heights, and the ordinary business of life was in danger of being seriously dislocated. A paper controller was appointed and the paper was rationed, as it has been in Britain.

This last great shortage of paper was in the days when Jesus walked in Palestine. It was an age of literature, and much paper was wanted by authors.

Paul's Parchment Letters

Business, too, was increasing, letter-writing was becoming general, and legal documents were in great demand, so that more writing material was required than had ever been used before. This, with the failure of the papyrus crop, led to the trouble, which was identical with our difficulty today. Roman tradesmen used papyrus for wrapping goods in.

Most of the papyrus was made in Egypt, but there were a few factories in Rome which imported the raw material and manufactured the papyrus there. The pith was cut in strips, two layers were put together, and the whole was pressed into a single sheet.

After a time, with the scarcity of papyrus, parchment and vellum came into use, and Paul wrote his letters on parchment; we know that because he asks Timothy to bring him some sheets. This, however, became scarce, and the monks of the Middle Ages had great difficulty in finding writing material.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

A FAMOUS ENGINEER

Mohammed and His Ideas

MAN WHO INFLUENCED COLUMBUS

- June 6. Corneille, dramatist, born at Rouen . . . 1606
- 7. John Rennie born in East Lothian . . . 1761
- 8. Mohammed died at Medina . . . 632
- 9. Charles Dickens died at Gadshill, Kent . . . 1870
- 10. Crystal Palace opened at Sydenham . . . 1854
- 11. Roger Bacon died at Oxford . . . 1294
- 12. First railway opened in Japan . . . 1872

John Rennie

JOHN RENNIE was a great Scottish engineer, who left the proofs of his genius in every part of the British Isles. As a boy he was interested in mills, and before he left school had studied their construction. When he was 25 he was superintending the erection of mills in London for Watt, with frequent improvements.

Then he turned his attention to bridges, docks, canals, and the draining of marshes. Waterloo, Southwark, and London bridges over the Thames were all planned by him.

The London Docks, the East and West India Docks, on the Thames, and Princes Dock at Liverpool, are his greatest dock monuments. He also improved greatly the Government Docks at Portsmouth, Chatham, Sheerness, and Plymouth, where also he built the great breakwater.

The marsh lands of Solway Firth and parts of the Lincolnshire Fens were drained by him.

Rennie was a man of herculean size and strength, and as clever as he was strong. He was buried in St. Paul's.

Roger Bacon

ROGER BACON, the wonder man of the Middle Ages, was an English monk, who believed in gaining knowledge by observation and thinking, instead of accepting any silliness that was generally believed.

He was one of the founders of what we now call science, and he was always trying to get at the real truth.

For this he was repressed by those who feared knowledge, and 24 years of his life were spent in forced retirement, not unlike prison.

But he never gave up trying to know, and he learned many things, such as the use of the magnifying glass, the composition of gunpowder, and enough true geography to influence Columbus.

He was a great man, but so hampered by those who feared knowledge that his life is only seen by us rather dimly.

Mohammed

By one of his followers in England—Printed by request

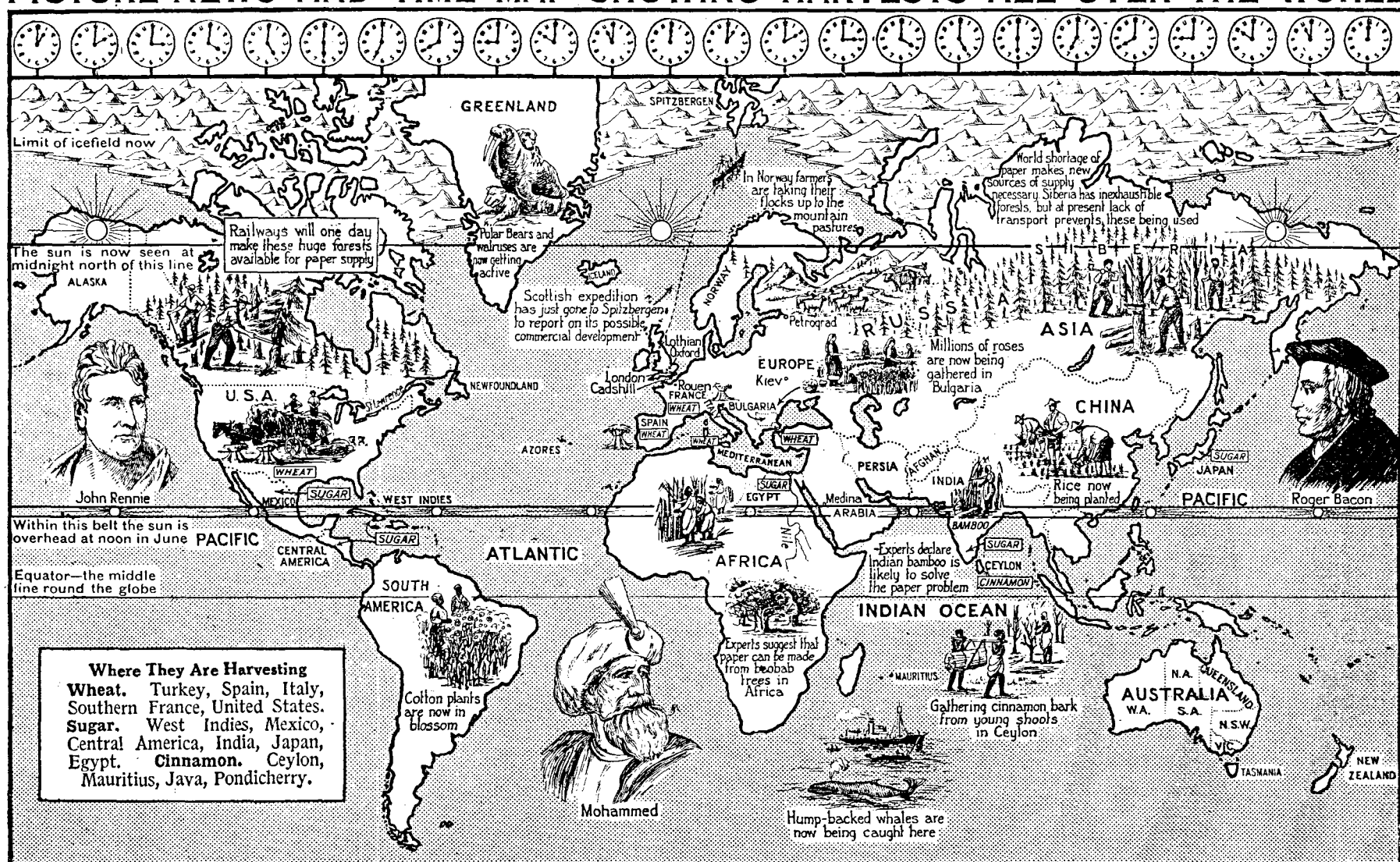
MOHAMMED was born in a family known and respected for its generosity, bravery, and liberty. He inherited these qualities, and his remarkable charity showed itself in many ways. He used to spare even his provisions to supply the necessities of the poor. His love for children was intense, and he taught chivalrous respect for women.

There lay a very difficult task before him. His nation was given to vices like idol-worship, drinking, gambling, war and bloodshed. He set to it with all his characteristic sincerity and resolution, and succeeded in his own lifetime in establishing the idea of the oneness of God, in weaning people from the habit of drinking alcohol, and in bringing about peace and feelings of true brotherhood. He told his followers that their worship and prayer should be confined to the one true God.

The Moslems are about four hundred millions in number, and they are all teetotallers. The name of their religion is Islam, and not Mohammedanism, which implies worship of Mohammed—an outrage on their sense of religion.

Religious toleration is a prominent feature of Islam, which means a religion of peace. The Moslems hold in high veneration the prophets of every nation. They must revere and believe in Abraham, Moses, and Jesus, and must believe in the Bible as in the Holy Koran.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



PEOPLE WE GIVE AWAY £40,000,000 Worth a Year

Sir Alfred Yarrow, the famous engineer, has been making a calculation of the money we give away when we bring up people in this country and lose them by emigration.

He supposes that it has cost £400 to rear a man to the time when he is ready for emigration, and that in this way we hand over £40,000,000 worth of humanity every year to other countries, often to our competitors in trade.

But our colonies put higher value on the manhood they import. Canada reckons a really good emigrant—not a waster—as equal to £1000, partly because of what he brings with him besides himself.

Sir Alfred Yarrow suggests that the remedy is to increase the trade of this country, so that it will keep at home the men it has brought up. But that depends on all kinds of people, workers and thinkers alike, knowing how trade is made and kept. Some seem more interested in losing than in keeping it.

SAVING THE LITTLE ONES Mother Dog in a Flood

A Northampton correspondent sends us a striking story of a dog's intelligence.

While the floods were out and the waters in part of the town were two feet deep, a collie with six young pups was kennelled in a warehouse. Hearing her barking loudly her owner waded through the flood fully expecting to find the puppies drowned, for they were on the floor of the flooded building.

But no; he discovered that the faithful and intelligent mother had carried all six puppies, one by one, to the top of a large pile of sacks of potatoes, where they were safe, and the wise creature was barking for help.

The owner of the dog, by the way, caught during the floods, in the street outside his shop, a large eel weighing nearly three pounds.

EGYPT SHORT OF WATER Odd Result of the Nile Dam

The Nile dam was made to avert the shortage of water in Egypt; it now appears to be creating a shortage! With the coming of July a shortage of about a hundred million cubic yards of water is expected, owing, apparently, to the fact that the success of holding up the waters has led the peasantry to cultivate more land than was provided for.

The Nile dam, of course, stores up the waters in time of flood, when they come too rapidly, for use in time of drought, and it appears that the peasants have counted to such an extent upon unlimited quantities from the life-giving Nile that they have increased their cultivation of rice by about 150,000 feddars.

A feddar is an old measure, meaning the amount of land a couple of oxen can plough in a day—that is, an acre and a quarter. So this addition of rice means an extra 187,000 acres and more. It is as if the entire county of Middlesex were placed under cultivation for the first time; and it is the need of water for this new area that threatens the shortage.

C.N. CHILDREN'S FUND

Our thanks to an anonymous reader who has sent a gold bracelet to the Save the Children Fund. The bracelet will be sold for its fullest value, and the amount added to the fund, which has now reached a total of 119,000 shillings, sufficient to provide food for about 64,000 children for one week. All subscriptions are acknowledged direct by post from the Save the Children Fund.

IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A picture by Romney	£28,350
A picture by Raeburn	£9975
A 2d. 1847 Mauritius stamp	£3980
Shakespeare's Othello, 1622	£1250
Nelson's diamond brooch	£820
An old book by Erasmus	£150

THE SIN AGAINST BEAUTIFUL FRANCE

Why She Calls for Reparation

France has emerged victorious from the war that would have crushed her utterly had she been the loser; but the sacrifice she has made has been appalling.

Here are some of the figures of the damage which Germany wrought, often with slow and deliberate enmity.

Towns and villages destroyed	3720
Population rendered homeless	2,712,000
Houses entirely destroyed	319,269
Houses partly destroyed	313,675
Bridges and viaducts destroyed	4785
Miles of railways destroyed	3460
Miles of canals destroyed	997
Miles of roads destroyed	24,375
Acres of land made useless	7,200,000
Factories destroyed	11,500
Cattle carried off	2,000,000
Frenchmen killed	1,364,000
Frenchmen mutilated	740,000

From the 8,400,000 Frenchmen who joined the army, for all kinds of service, 57 per cent. between the ages of 18 and 34 were killed.

Can we wonder that France calls aloud for reparation?

THE CHESTNUTS OF PARIS

In England the chestnuts have had a glorious flowering year. In Paris, where they flower earlier, they are now losing their leaves, which fall in a brown shower. The cause is a parasite that lurks in the inner bark of the trees, and it is threatening to spoil the beauty of the famous Champs Elysées this year.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Batoum	Bat-oom
Cornaille	Kor-nay-ee
Gomez	Go-meth
Joselito	Jos-el-ee-to
Lympne	Lim
Marques	Mar-kez
Seidgasse	Sid-gas-eh
Wien	Veen

80 MILES OF ROSES Millions of Flowers for a Pound of Scent

TURK'S LEGACY TO CIVILISATION

Attar of roses is the most expensive of scents. It is made in the Balkans, where hundreds of square miles of roses are grown specially for the purpose, and it is so powerful a perfume that it cannot be used alone, but is made to scent other scents. Just now the blossoms are being gathered in millions.

The largest of all the rose-gardens cultivated for the preparation of attar—or otto, which simply means "sweet smell"—is in Bulgaria, round the little town of Kasaulik.

There, for 80 miles or more, you can ride through nothing but roses, and the odour needs to be enjoyed to be imagined. The whole population of the district lives on this industry.

In some years between three and four tons of attar are manufactured, involving the use of about fourteen million roses, for it takes an enormous quantity of rose petals to make a small quantity of the perfume. A million and a half roses will make only one pound of attar, 150 pounds of rose leaves yielding only one ounce of the perfume.

It was the Turks who discovered the art of extracting and preserving the odour of roses, and it is one of the few legacies of value which they left to the peoples who freed themselves from Ottoman oppression in the 19th century.

The petals are gathered in June, and in the Kasaulik district alone nearly 200 villages are busy for a few weeks, for all the leaves gathered on one day must be distilled the same day, otherwise much of the volatile oil which gives the perfume is lost.

THE M.P. SPLENDID

The Australian House of Parliament has voted that the salary of its members shall be raised from £600 to £1000 a year. The salary of British M.P.s is £400. Who speaks next?

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 5 1920

Our Sacred Hearth

ARE we to lose the cheerful English coal-fire? A committee has been sitting in judgment on it, and its verdict is not favourable.

Enemies of the coal-fire arise on every side. The doctors say it sends poisonous gases into the air, and fills our lungs with "blacks." The meteorologists say it darkens our skies and veils the sun at noonday—in cities.

The economists say it takes more money to build a house with fireplaces than with central heating; more money to buy the coal which sends half its heat up the chimney; more money for washing—7½d. per house per week in Manchester over Harrogate; more money for cleaning and painting houses; and, in fact, that the domestic blaze is dear, dirty, and dangerous.

And yet we must enter a plea for the fire. Economy may be against it, but science is divided, and sentiment is all on its side.

Take science as arbiter. There is no ventilator equal to the bright fire and its busy chimney. Together they draw cleansing airs in and drive foul airs out.

And are our spirits to count for nothing? What is so cheering as a gay, open-hearted fire?

Certainly no dry, secretive stove, or muggy hot-air pipe round the room, can compete with it in gaiety. Even the changeless radiance of the electric heater is put out of court by the coal-fire, for every separate fire has an individuality of its own; sometimes obstinate it may be, but not the less interesting, for it never is a mere steady glare.

Besides, round the English coal-fire has gathered our splendid conception of the English home. The hearth is the sacred temple of the Briton, not a seat next to a radiator. All our family sentiment converges round the fire.

What fancies visit young and old alike before its genial glow!

There youth pictures the years it is approaching, but cannot know; there it dreams of great adventures; there it forms its plans for life worth living, fit to follow after and expand the good lives of men and women gone before.

And there, before the fire, age reflects with mellow tenderness on the goodness of those whom it has known, the loveliness it has felt radiated from the ever-young earth, or preserved in the store-houses of Time; there it has reflected, too, on its own partly fulfilled hopes, and the visitings of spirit that have sustained it, and sustain it still. A holy place is our fireside.

Committees may report, and scientists may scare us with their warnings, but we shall not readily give up our sacred hearth, if only the men of the mine, masters and colliers, too, will not betray it now.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Awkward

A RIDICULOUS professor has been writing an article to show how beer saved the British Army in the War. Perhaps he will write another to show how it did not save the Germans.

A Word for Ourselves

IT may be permitted sometimes, we trust, to say a good word for our own country.

There are always large numbers of people in England who are eager to find fault with her, and champion the causes of any race under the sun rather than their own, and outside our borders the success of this country in defending other nations from German tyranny has left those nations almost as jealous as they are grateful.

But one credit everyone must own is due to our much-criticised British nation. She has not hastened to put forward a big claim to a share of the money Germany may have to pay for her sins. A modest £5,000,000 is all that is being asked for reparation to British subjects in foreign lands.

Not only is there no suspicion of grabbing in that amount, but there is magnanimity in giving way without question for the sake of the rest. "Let them scramble," says Britannia; "I do not scramble."

News for Young Mothers

—By our Butterfly

THERE has been much interest in the fields and lanes of late.

The Speckled Beauty was seen dressed in Brown Muslin, trimmed with Brussels Lace.

The Straw Belle is wearing a Long Cloak.

A Common Footman was observed talking with a Black Rustic.

A Large Footman was taking a Grey Pug for a walk. It was a very Plain Pug.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

COMPETITION is a fine inspirer. Why should we not have competitions in kindness? A story which has just been told shows us how good it is.

A poor doctor called on an eminent surgeon to operate and save the life of a child. It was late at night, and a glance at the house showed that the parents of the child were too poor to pay the surgeon's fee; but he operated.

As the two doctors were walking away from the house, the doctor passed to the surgeon an envelope containing his fee.

Realising that the money was being paid out of the doctor's own pocket, the surgeon passed the envelope back with the words, "Nay; two can play at that game."

He did not mean to be beaten in kindness to a little child.

Consolation

THERE is always an optimist somewhere, and there is one among the readers who have been writing to us about things that have gone down.

He points out that the value of a lost sixpence has gone down, for before the war it meant the loss of six ounces of sweets, and now it means the loss of only three ounces! It is wonderful how many compensations there are in this world.

Tip-Cat

M.R. BARNEY BRANCH says living costs are coming down. The compositor seems to have dropped an "l" out of his Christian name.

A RUNNING account: report of a foot race.

AN artist has just married his landlady. It is ridiculous to say that they are not good business men.

CIVILISATION took the wrong turning, somebody writes, several thousands of years ago. Since when it has taken no other.



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW
If a tailor is what
he seams

time, while ice and coal shortages are limited to certain seasons.

"THE soaring suit" referred to by a grown-up paper is believed to have had an airman inside it.

It cost Isabella her jewels to discover America. It cost the Kaiser his whole paraphernalia.

AN American journal boasts that science can make negroes white. Some of the things it does are enough to make anyone change colour.

The Miracles

IT is good to be reminded of the miracles that are always happening round about us. A scientist has just been talking of some of them.

Ask the first chemist you meet if he can turn a bundle of hay into a glass of milk; ask all the eminent chemists there are in the Royal Society; ask all the eminent scientists there are in the world.

They cannot do it, yet the humble cow does it every day, and makes no fuss about it. And if we were to count the miracles of this kind that happen every day, within the sight of every one of us, there is not a book anywhere big enough to contain them.

An Adventure in a Ditch

By Janet Begbie

AMONG the mosses lurked a gin,
And there a mole with silken shin
Had caught a paw, and lay like dead.
"You'll make my doll a muff," I said.

AT this it screamed so shrill and clear
It almost froze my blood to hear.
"O, spare me, mortal!" cried the mole,

"Or every foxglove spire will toll,
And robins' plumes turn black as crows.

For, hark, as every beetle knows,
And all the birds for miles around,
A secret keeps me underground."

I said: "Oh, sir, beneath the mould
You dig, perhaps, for pixie gold?"
"The vixen feeds her cubs," he said,
"The fledgling by the thrush is fed;
But who through all the long dark hours

Is nursemaid to the baby flowers?
Who soothes the fretful bulbs, and feeds

With pap of dew the youngest seeds?
Who teaches little roots to take
Their first weak steps? Who bids awake

The drowsy leaves when earth grows warm

And April's besom sweeps the storm
Like so much winter rubbish by?
So every time mole-nursemaids die
There's plaintive weeping in the dark,
And many a golden crocus spark
Is never lit: the daisy's ruff
Is never worn

At this, Enough!
I cried, and tore the trap apart.
For who could break a daisy's heart?

A Court of Justice

By Our Country Girl in Town

THE sober thoroughfare of Church Street was disturbed by an atrocious clamour. It was not the noise of machinery, nor of waggons, nor of sirens from the Thames near by. No, it was the worst noise possible, a noise of boys, with another mysterious hissing noise mixed with it.

Hurrying to see who was being murdered, we found two boys down a side-turning endeavouring to knock one another's head against the wall or kick one another's shins. Hovering about them, in a terrible fuss, was the goose whom I have often met in those parts.

One of the boys was about four years older than the other, and had more nails in his boots. I took the liberty of seizing them by the scruffs of their necks, forcing them apart, and delivering a lecture on good sportsmanship.

The goose, who may have had a bet on the event, was extremely angry with me for having spoilt her fun, but the smaller boy, blubbering and rubbing his head, was equally relieved.

"He wanted my top," he said. "He told me to give him my top, or he'd knock my face round under my ear. He's older than what I am, he is. He pinches girls, he does. He killed a cat, he did."

When I had seen the smaller combatant home, I glanced up at the name of this turning.

It was Justice Court.

A Prayer for Each

Spirit of the voice so still,
Infuse through my length of days
Impulse to my human will,
And keep my ways!
Guard me from debasing thought,
Teach me that my life is nought
Save a part of God's great plan
To make part of God, the man.

C. F. NORTON

GREECE COMES INTO HER OWN GREATER THAN FOR 2000 YEARS

What Venizelos Has Brought Under His Country's Flag

HISTORIC ISLANDS

The changes in geography following the war are so many, and are arranged often so secretly, that map-makers cannot keep pace with them.

Thus, though the terms of peace with Turkey were published at length, it was not known, until Venizelos, the great leader of the Greeks, explained to the Greek Parliament what he had been doing in his conferences with the British, French, and Italian Premiers, that modern Greece will recover practically the whole of ancient Greece, including the islands of the Levant, lately belonging to Turkey, known as the Dodecanese.

Some of these islands have been in the possession of the Italians, and Rhodes, the largest, will remain Italian for the present; but an arrangement has been made that, whenever Great Britain surrenders Cyprus to the Greeks, Italy will surrender Rhodes to them also.

Famous Islands for Greece

With Cyprus, Rhodes, and the lesser islands of the Greek Archipelago near the coast of Asia Minor belonging to Greece, she will be greater as an island power than she has been for over two thousand years. Indeed, she never governed centrally all the lands she is now acquiring, though men of the Greek race were predominantly in possession of them, in independent fragments.

The islands to be ceded to Greece include Patmos, connected with the life of St. John; the once learned island of Cos; the sponge-fishing island of Calymnos; and other islands famous in the early history of Greece.

If Rhodes and Cyprus come back to Greece, that land will have gained more than its original unity.

These latest islands brought into the international agreement were the chief seats of the Minoan civilisation, which comes into history between the decline of the ancient Egyptian civilisation and the rise of art-loving Greece.

Colossus of Rhodes

It was at a later period that Rhodes, an island which underwent many changes of government, set up its huge Colossus, one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world.

Tradition says that it bestrode the entrance to the harbour of the town of Rhodes; be that as it may, its height was 105 feet. It was destroyed by an earthquake in 224 B.C. So great was the statue that, fallen and broken to pieces, it remained a wonder even then; and there it lay, an impressive ruin, till the coming of the Saracens, in 656 A.D.

The Saracens sold the remains of the statue as old metal, and report says that the buyer had to employ 900 camels to carry the fragments away.

In these islands, now passing to Greece, are the chief sites of the excavations which enable us to read, through imperishable relics, fragments of history not preserved in books.

A BIRD'S MISTAKE Rare Find in a Nest

A Staffordshire linnet has made a sad mistake this season.

Tempted by a ros. Treasury note, it has woven it into its nest. And, of course, a schoolboy, on mischief bent, has found the nest and note. More than that, he has been able to cash the note, though it was much pecked.

Little did that linnet know of the effect of its cleverness. Though the chances are 10,000 to 1 against any other linnet finding a note, Staffordshire school-boys will live in hope, and we fear linnets will have a bad nesting season.

FROM ONE GENERATION TO ANOTHER

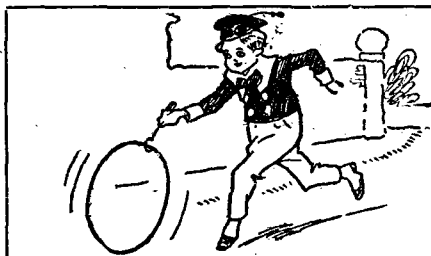
Almost any inborn peculiarity may be handed on from one generation to another, but luckily this is true of good peculiarities as well as bad ones. It is true, not only of important things, such as power of self-control, but holds also for trivial things that do not matter much in any case.

A very good case has been recently studied with great care; it has to do with a curious shortening of the second joint of the second finger, both on the hands and the feet. It is not a peculiarity of much practical importance; the interesting thing is the inexorable way in which it has kept cropping up in a family history for no fewer than six generations. It was first noticed in 1764, and has cropped up in some mem-

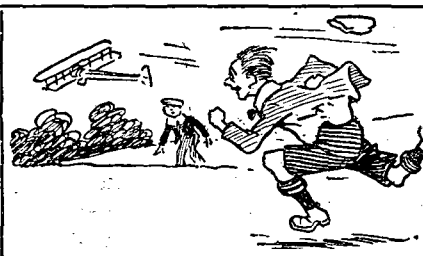
bers of every generation since that time. Sometimes the shortening is slight, sometimes it is very marked; but it does not disappear. It has come to stay. The rest of the hand and the foot is quite as usual, and there is nothing unhealthy in the shortening of the second joint of the second finger.

It is simply an illustration of those remarkable features which form part of our inheritance, which do not seem to average off, which are either there or not there, and which last on and on unto far beyond the third and fourth generation. The family history shows one case of "identical twins," and the two showed the shortening in precisely the same way. We see thus how orderly inheritance is in its working.

AND SO THE WORLD GOES ROUND



Father bowled a hoop



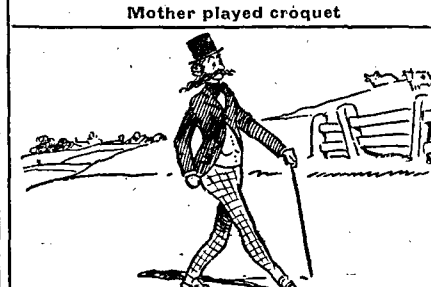
Tommy flies an aeroplane



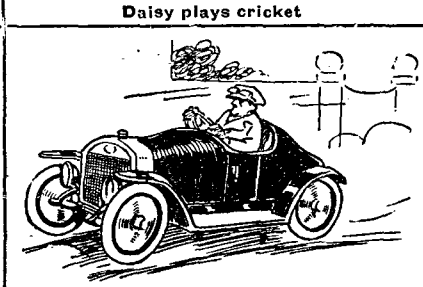
Mother played croquet



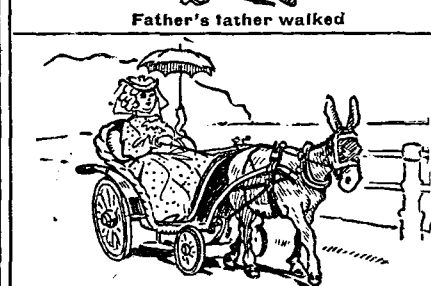
Daisy plays cricket



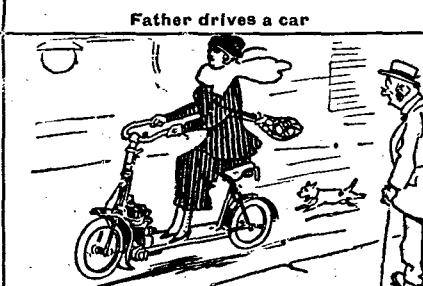
Father's father walked



Father drives a car



Mother's mother drove a donkey



Mother scoots along

It is good to talk over our times with father and mother, especially if grandfather and grandmother happen to be sitting by and joining in. We have great advantages.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The house in Gloucester where Robert Raikes held his first Sunday-school has been presented to the city.

World-Shortage of Wheat

There is a world-shortage of wheat, and next year America alone will have four million tons less to export than this year.

A Reputation Worth Having

In the proclamation stating that his troops were evacuating the Rhine towns recently occupied, the French general said, "The French keep their word."

Boy Chess Champion

A little Polish boy of eight, Samuel Rzeschewski, is astonishing the world by his marvellous chess-playing. In a recent competition he defeated all the best players in Paris, winning twenty games in succession.

How many eggs will hens lay daily? A North London correspondent has six hens which laid nine in one day.

Seventy Years In One House

Mr. William Evans, the town crier of Llanelly, who has just died at the age of 86, lived in the same house for 70 years.

Fetching Toddlers

A Paddington lassie has a terrier, Nipper, which, on being told to "Go and fetch Toddlers," runs downstairs and carries the kitten up in its mouth.

Grand Old Man of Scotland

Dr. James Logie of Kirkwall, who has just celebrated his hundredth birthday, has the triple distinction of being the oldest doctor in Britain, the oldest Freemason in Scotland, and the oldest elder of the Church of Scotland.

BIT OF A REPUBLIC IN THE EMPIRE

AUSTRALIA TO GIVE FRANCE 5000 ACRES

In Memory of the Day When She Lost the Continent

TALE OF TWO FLAGS

The offer of five thousand acres of Australian territory on the shores of Botany Bay has been accepted by France, and the Bill completing the gift is sure to become law in the New South Wales Parliament.

The land will be a garden of memories, a token of affection and friendship between the British Commonwealth and the French Republic. It will be more; it will be like a cenotaph, celebrating the memory of the men who almost snatched Australia from the hands of destiny for France.

The famous French explorer La Pérouse, whose monument will be the first French memorial erected on this little bit of France in Australia, set out late in the 18th century to annex for France, not, indeed, these 5000 acres, but three million square miles. The greatest of French navigators, he was sent with two ships from France to seize for his native land all territories not owned by civilised powers.

Race for a Continent

He sailed round the world, spending three years—from 1785 to 1787—on the voyage. He wrote a book of his travels, and paused at Petropavlovsk to send the manuscript home overland. He never saw it published, but it appeared, and remains a classic of exploration and observation. Then he steered for Australia, to claim for France the continent which Dampier and Cook and Banks had visited, but which still awaited the first claimant to ownership.

While La Pérouse was thrusting boldly on the latter part of his course, a little British fleet of nine ships, totalling 3200 tons all told, was staggering round the world to be first on the scene. It carried 1163 people, 720 convicts, seven boys, and five girls. The convicts and guards were to establish the British Empire in the southern world.

Too Late

The voyage occupied eight months, and the company landed in Botany Bay on January 18, 1788. Three days later La Pérouse and his ships appeared, come to claim the continent!

Never in history has there been a parallel to this dramatic meeting. The discovery by Crusoe of Man Friday's footsteps on the desolate island gives us the finest surprise in literature; but here is surely the finest surprise in history. There only the possession of a tiny island was concerned; here a continent of three million square miles, with riches incalculable, was at stake.

La Pérouse was a philosopher as well as a fighter and navigator. He enjoyed the hospitality of the men who had forestalled him, then he turned his ships into the unknown, and was never seen again.

Tragic Discovery on a Reef

For nearly 40 years his little ships were sought in every sea. Wars with France made no difference; our sailors searched for him, but from 1788 to 1826 no gleam of tidings came. Then two tragic little wrecks were discovered on a coral reef off Vankiro, north of the New Hebrides. They were the last vestiges of the ships that had carried the high-hearted Pérouse and his valiant men.

A monument marks the scene of their end, and now a cenotaph will keep green their splendid memory in Botany Bay.

That cenotaph will stand on French soil, for where France came within an ace of the possession of the continent she is now to have possession of 5000 acres as an act of chivalry. On this little plot her flag will fly, in memory of the man who came three days too late to win Australia for her.

TOO MANY HOUSES MAN FINED FOR BUILDING ONE

What Happened in England
in the Days of Long Ago

PARLIAMENT AFRAID OF BUILDING

By a Digger into Old Records

At the Quarter Sessions in Devonshire a man was brought up and charged with building a cottage, and after all the evidence had been heard the justices fined him £58, pointing out that there were far too many houses already existing, and it was a serious offence to build any more without permission.

The man protested, but he was referred to the law of England, which distinctly stated that no one should build a house without a licence obtained from Quarter Sessions, and that every cottage must have at least four acres of land.

The bewildered man looked at the Act of Parliament which had been specially passed to prevent any more houses being built, or, as it was quaintly put, "for the avoiding of the great inconveniences which are found by experience to grow by the erecting and building of great numbers of cottages, which are daily more and more increased in many parts of this realm."

Hindering the Builders

It was to place every kind of difficulty in the way of building that the Act was passed. Licences were occasionally granted by the justices for a new cottage, but in this case no such permission had been asked, and an example must be made of the builder, or others would imitate his example, and houses would be springing up all over the country. Hence the fine of £58.

It seems incredible that such should be the law, but it is nevertheless the fact. All this took place, however, three or four hundred years ago. The man who was fined so heavily for adding to the housing accommodation lived in the time of the Commonwealth, and the justices who fined him were only administering a law passed in the time of Queen Elizabeth to discourage the multiplication of houses. Presumably the authorities were afraid in those days of house rents becoming too cheap.

The Wonderful House

Even so late as the time of Queen Anne there seems to have been plenty of houses, and old advertisements set forth every possible attraction to allure tenants. Here is an example.

To be let, a new brick house, built after the newest fashion, the rooms wainscotted and painted, lofty stories, marble foot paces to the chimneys, sash windows glazed with fine crown glass, large half pace stairs that two people may go up on a breast, near St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

That was in 1710, so that 200 years ago it was a particular novelty and attraction for a house to have a staircase capable of accommodating two people abreast, windows that would open, and glass in the sashes. This same dwelling house, too, had a garden of flowers and a grape vine within a stone's throw of where the editor of the C.N. now sits at his desk in the heart of the City.

Flats at 8s. a Week

Houses in Pall Mall were then let at £40 a year, and a gentleman advertises for a "fashionable house in some genteel part of the town," with coach-house and stables, for £30 a year. A little way out of London rents were far cheaper. A house overlooking the river at Barnes was let at £6 10s. a year.

When Dean Swift came to London he tells us that he lodged in Bury Street, where "I have the first floor, a dining-room and bed chamber, at eight shillings a week"—a kind of West End flat. This, however, he thought too dear, and moved to Chelsea, but he was out of the frying-pan into the fire, for there he had to pay 6s. a week "for one silly room with horrible coarse sheets."

THE POLITE PIRATE

Holding Up a Ship Off
Batoum

REFRESHMENTS WHILE YOU
ARE PLUNDERED

Piracy has broken out in a fresh form in the Black Sea.

No longer do pirates come aboard from a ship that flies a black flag, and stands by ready to sink any craft that may oppose her orders. What the bandit gang does now is to take tickets and travel on the vessel they mean to plunder. Then, suddenly, they seize her, when she is too far out to call for help.

That is what happened to a French steamer off Batoum. Just now quite a number of people are escaping from the disturbed regions around the Black Sea, and some of them carry their money in the form of jewels.

Probably the pirate gang had their thoughts fixed on a haul of valuable jewels. When the *Souirah* was well out at sea, they suddenly "held up" the crew and passengers, and made a search for hidden wealth. The crew offered no resistance, and the passengers were like a flock of frightened sheep.

The thieves accordingly plundered their fellow passengers in a leisurely way, politely offering them refreshments while they examined their valuables and took whatever was worth taking. Apparently they were imitating the methods of the gentlemanly highwaymen of old, who sometimes danced with the ladies they robbed.

The new style of piracy may succeed once, off the coast of Turkey, but it will not bear repetition, even there.

FORTUNE IN A CRUSHED LINER

Men Who Go Down for It
WORKING ON THE OCEAN BED

Gold and silver worth £3,000,000 lies at the bottom of the sea on the north coast of Ireland, inside the crushed liner *Laurentic*. At first it was £9,000,000; but all except £3,000,000 has been fished up by divers. Now they are working to recover the remainder. The strong room was forced open by explosives.

The gold belongs to our country, for it was money the Government was sending to America, during the war, to pay for goods we were importing.

The salvage steamer *Racer*, which is doing this diving job, can work only when the weather is favourable and the sea calm; and each man who goes down to where the *Laurentic* lies in ruins on the ocean bed can stay only half-an-hour, so great is the water-pressure, for forty yards of water bear down on him. The vessel has a pump which will lift 800 tons of mud or silt an hour, and by its aid the wreck is cleared.

We shall see presently that the *Racer's* divers will fetch that gold up safely. Is it not romantic?

A SCOUT'S GOOD TURN

New Use for Old Uniforms

A Sheffield scout makes a suggestion which we are glad to hand on to our scout readers. He has had a letter from a scoutmaster friend, Leopold Zimmerman (Seidgasse 7, Wien III) saying,

"If it is possible send us old uniforms, which will be of use to scouts. In Vienna there are approximately 1000 scouts. We are poor, and have nothing but the goodwill to be true scouts. Only 300 boys have uniforms."

Our correspondent continues, May I appeal to my brother scouts to remember our fourth law. Many boys will have new uniforms before the great International Jamboree. In Austria there are no new uniforms, and if there were, few scouts could buy them. Our Austrian brothers will be most grateful for the old uniforms, and I believe English scouts will be ready to give them.

MAN'S BEST DUMB FRIEND

TRUE STORIES OF DOGS

Terrier That Saved a Boy

A LONG JOURNEY HOME

A Buckinghamshire reader gives an example of a dog's cleverness in finding its way home.

I bought a setter from Amersham and took her by train from Chalfont Road Station to Willesden Green. After she had been tied up for three weeks she seemed quite at home, but eventually went off, and finally I heard she was back at her old home at Amersham.

Again I brought her to Willesden Green by train, and after some time let her loose, but she disappeared, and then I heard she was at the Hanwell Police Station. Evidently she was again on her way to Amersham, but not at all by the route she travelled in the train.

CAT'S DOG FRIEND

A Devonshire schoolboy raises the question of a dog's knowledge of ownership.

My friend Jack, his dog Faith, and I went to look for our favourite cat, Tiny, who was lost. Faith mysteriously ran away. When we had walked through several fields we heard a loud barking, and found it was Faith, who had discovered Tiny caught in a trap. We took poor Tiny out. Then Faith ran home, and soon returned with a piece of ribbon which Tiny usually wore. Evidently the dog knew whose ribbon it was.

IRISH TERRIER'S SENSE OF DANGER

A South African-born reader writes from Scotland about her Irish terrier, Biddy.

All our family were walking with Biddy down a steep hill that had a very busy road at its foot, when my youngest brother, who was only four years old, ran down the hill and could not stop himself. We called to him in vain. Then, looking along the street, to our dismay, we saw a motor heading for him.

Biddy realised the danger, too, and, making a dash at my brother, caught him by the belt and dragged him to safety; but so great was the danger that she was run over herself. Though she was badly hurt she recovered, and lived to be old. We have always regarded her as having saved my brother's life.

THE DOG-IN-WAITING

A Wakefield correspondent says that her grandfather's dog Rover knew the day when a butcher would come with his cart to take away fat lambs.

On that day, and always at the same time, he would sit outside the farm looking out for the butcher, and, as soon as he saw him, would rush to the field and bring in the lambs to be sold.

FOXLEY AND BIDDY ON A WALK

A St. Anne's correspondent gives a curious instance of the jealousy often felt by dogs.

While going a walk with Foxley and Biddy in the country we noticed Biddy suddenly hold up her paw. Examining it, mother found a thorn.

Immediately afterwards Foxley held up his paw. Nothing was found wrong with the paw, and it was clear that Foxley was jealous of the fuss that had been made with Biddy, and wanted his share of attention.

DOG RECOGNISES ITS SAVIOUR

A Cheshire correspondent describes the rescue of a dog that was sinking in a quicksand.

As a young lady and her brother were riding over a large expanse of sand, the tide being out of a river's estuary, they saw a collie struggling almost at the last gasp in a quicksand.

Getting his sister to hold his horse, the youth, with great difficulty, pulled the collie out and rubbed him till warmth returned, for he was half-dead.

Very silently the dog followed his rescuers to their home, where he was put in a warm stable in straw, and fed. He remained two days and nights, and then disappeared.

Some days later he was met with his owner, who lived three miles away, and the dog recognised his rescuer.

TALK CLUBS

GOOD IDEA FOR BOYS
AND GIRLS

Why Not Copy the Business
Men?

TELLING EACH OTHER THE
THINGS WE KNOW MOST ABOUT

By a Correspondent

It was once an accepted rule of politeness that a man should never talk "shop"; that is to say, he should never talk of his own particular business.

It was a silly rule, and has happily fallen into disrepute, for people are beginning to realise that "shop" talk is often the most interesting sort of talk of all. If a man cannot be interesting when he is talking of the subject he knows most about, and the subject he should be most interested in, he will certainly not be worth listening to on any other subject.

We ought to like to hear people talking shop, telling us of the things that made up their daily life, for how otherwise can we have that feeling of sympathy and understanding without which we cannot build up the new world?

All Sorts and Conditions of Men

So a number of clubs have come into existence of late years for talking shop. They are called Rotary Clubs, and there is one member from each trade or profession. They tell each other about their work. They began in America; there are now many in the United Kingdom, and they have lately been holding a conference.

The engineer will tell of the latent sources of power that await his command to work his will—to drive our engines, light our streets, heat our houses.

The doctor will tell of the heroes of research who expose themselves to terrible disease in order that they may find a way to ease our bodily burdens.

The botanist will tell of the struggle against the insect pests that threaten the world's food supply, and will explain how man is taking one little insect as an ally to fight another.

Wonderful Tales

They will all have a wonderful tale to tell, for they are all tales of a man's part in the great effort to make the world a happier place to dwell in; and one will encourage another. Each business and each profession is so complicated in these days, and a man has so much to learn in each, that there is a danger that we shall all become narrow-minded specialists intent on our own little task with never a thought or a smile of encouragement for our fellow-workers. The Rotary Club is a splendid way of combating this danger.

Why should not boys and girls have their rotary clubs, too? They cannot talk of their business or profession, but why not a Rotary Club in which each member has a different hobby?

There is the boy who spends all his spare time by the hedgerows, watching the birds build their nests and learning their ways. Think what tales he would have to tell!

Explaining the Mysteries

The mechanical boy whose mind is full of electricity and its marvels could explain the workings of our everyday contrivances, our bells, telephones, and tramways, and surely his story would be interesting?

And, of course, the girls would have their say. They could explain the mysteries of cooking and making clothes, and if the boys were so foolish as to turn up their noses at such occupations the girls could tell them how useful our explorer heroes, and the Jack Tars we all admire so much, find this knowledge of needle and thread.

Every boy's club or girl's club should have within it a little Rotary Club; they would be sure of some jolly evenings—and all very profitable, too.

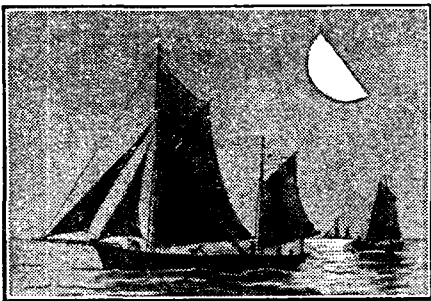
THE WEEK IN NATURE

Young Jackdaws Flying MOTHS GETTING MORE COMMON

JUNE, O June, that we desired so,
Across the river thy soft breezes
blow,
Sweet with the scent of beanfields far
away;
Above our heads rustle the aspens
grey,
Calm is the sky with harmless clouds
beset,
No thought of storm the morning
vexes yet. WILLIAM MORRIS

NATURE CALENDAR NEXT WEEK

June 6. Brightline brown-eyed moth seen
7. Young jackdaws are fledged
Small blue butterfly is on the wing
8. Small elephant hawk-moth appears
Redstart's song ceases to be heard
9. The tissue moth appears on the wing
10. The landrail lays its eggs
11. The large skipper butterfly appears
12. Redbreast hatches second brood
The pink underwing moth is seen



The moon in the middle of next week

Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Wednesday	Friday
Sunrise	4.47 a.m.	4.46 a.m.	4.45 a.m.
Sunset	9.10 p.m.	9.12 p.m.	9.14 p.m.
Moonrise	12.0 p.m.	12.47 a.m.	1.33 a.m.
Moonset	10.20 a.m.	12.35 p.m.	2.58 p.m.
High Tide	5.38 p.m.	7.40 p.m.	9.43 p.m.

Tide is for London; black figures mean next day

Day and Night in June

MAY		
JUNE		
JULY		

This diagram shows the average daily light and darkness during May, June, and July.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Continue planting out celery as the plants attain sufficient size, and give plenty of water. Also plant out celeriac—not in trenches—in tolerably rich soil. Hoe and thin the advanced crops of carrots. Sow seeds of biennials and perennials thinly, in order that the plants may not become overcrowded; the following is a good selection: Anemones, wallflowers, sweet rockets, polyanthus, foxgloves, Canterbury bells, lunaria, chelone, etc. Thin out annuals as they become large enough, and finish planting out bedding-plants.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Winds of June



This map shows the direction of the prevailing winds in the United Kingdom during June

BLAZING SHIP COMES HOME

THRILLING VOYAGE

On Fire with a Million Gallons
of Oil

28 MEN'S 28 DAYS

One of the finest of sea-stories comes from Lorenzo Marques, the port of Portuguese East Africa. Into that port has been brought, by a Government tug, a sailing vessel that has been 28 days adrift on the Indian Ocean, after being swept by fire and losing half her crew.

The Speedonia sailed from Singapore for Cape Town, carrying a million gallons of oil. When she was in the middle of the Indian Ocean two explosions, followed by a fire, wrecked everything on the ship's deck. Stores, spare sails, and the nautical instruments were all destroyed, and the rudder smashed.

In the burning, drifting, and helpless ship were five officers and 51 men, only two of the seamen, besides the officers, being Europeans.

After trying in vain to put the fire out, the captain, who had broken his leg in making the attempt, embarked in the boats with the second and third officers, one white seaman and 23 coloured seamen; but the first officer, one white seaman, and 26 Chinese and Malay sailors stood by the ship.

Drifting on a Silent Sea

The telephone operator took neither course, but jumped overboard and disappeared. What happened to the injured captain and his three boat-loads of refugees is not known.

The first officer and his party continued their efforts to put out the fire, and at last succeeded. But it was only immediate death that they seemed to have escaped, for they could not control the course of the drifting ship, and they had no means of signalling for a rescue.

For seventeen days from the outbreak of the fire they drifted helplessly, several times seeing vessels in the distance which they could not hail or attract. Then they fell in with a Portuguese vessel, that stood by, threw them a rope, and began to tow them towards the African coast.

Safe Home at Last

After a week's slow towing a gale arose, and the cable snapped. But the attendant vessel stood by throughout a stormy night. Her coal was now nearly exhausted, and the crippled oil-ship was nowhere in sight. So the Portuguese vessel used up her last coal by dashing as swiftly as possible to the nearest port, Lorenzo Marques, and sending out a tug in search of the derelict ship.

The search proved successful, and 28 days after the fire the tug reappeared at Lorenzo Marques, with the fire-scorched Speedonia in tow, and her brave crew of 28 safe aboard.

They had decided that it was "better to bear the ills they had, than fly to others that they knew not of," and their decision led them home to port at last.

MOUSE IN A PIANO

The Lost Hinges

A Bristol reader sends this tale of a piano.

Having occasion recently to have a piano tuned, I was surprised when the tuner asked me to look at it.

It had come from premises which had been a Y.M.C.A. hut, where invalid soldiers congregated.

My attention was directed to some string hinges on the "action," which had evidently been substituted for the original leather hinges. This had been done with painstaking care, apparently by a soldier.

Further examination showed, in the right-hand bottom corner, the precious leather hinges, carefully wrought into a neat nest for a family of mice. The repaired piano had been brought in that condition from two miles away.

IS A PLANT AN ANIMAL?

Scientist in the Track of the Poet

TENNYSON AND THE TALKING OAK

Sir J. C. Bose, continuing his revolutionary discoveries in relation to plant life, now formulates a proposition more advanced than any we have yet had. It is this, that animals are only moving plants, and plants are stationary animals.

If only Tennyson could have heard that! He loved flowers as he loved birds and butterflies, and would break off in conversation with the most illustrious companion to study a modest bloom in a field or hedgerow. The more he studied them the more he felt the mystery of flowers, and in one of his famous brief poems he gave expression to this sense of wonder:

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could under-stand

What you are, root and all, and all in all,

I should know what God and man is.

Another of his poems, called "The Flower," contains the widely known lines, "Most can raise the flowers now, For all have got the seed." The verses sprang from actual experiments with "love-in-idleness" grown at his home at Farringford, in the Isle of Wight.

The Talking Oak

But where Tennyson keeps closest to the idea of Sir J. C. Bose is in his magnificent idyl called "The Talking Oak," a poem in which he deliberately attempted to invest an object of external nature with animal life, thought, and sentiment—really to humanise it. The poem comprises some of the richest harmonies of the poet's gift, and with it something like the humour of the old armchair brought to life by Dickens in "The Bagman's Story."

Plants are only stationary animals, notes our scientist today, and this is what Tennyson made the talking oak say, half a century ago:

I, rooted here among the groves,
But languidly adjust
My vapid vegetable loves
With anthers and with dust.
For ah! my friend, the days were brief

Whereof the poets talk,
When that, which breathes within the leaf,
Could slip its bark and walk.

That is something of the talk, imagined by the poet, of the king of "stationary animals," the famous Talking Oak.

A DOG'S CHIVALRY

Shelter in a Storm

A County Wicklow reader describes the chivalrous character of her big collie.

It was the habit of our next-door neighbour's cat to climb over the dividing wall and share the dinner of our collie dog, who invariably showed his chivalry by standing aside till the cat had had her bit.

One day the dog, cat, and myself were surprised by a very sudden deluge of rain. I ran into a shed.

The dog stood still; and the cat sped to her friend and took shelter under his big head until the shower was over.

Then she emerged quite dry, and gave her friend a rapid lick on the cheek before she went away.

I thought the incident did credit to both of them.

STAR NEAREST TO US

TWIN SUNS AFAR OFF

Shall We See Another Solar
System?

WHAT A POWERFUL TELESCOPE MAY REVEAL

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

We have, in thought, travelled far and wide through the vast expanse of the heavens, in the course of these pages, and yet have never approached the nearest star to our own Sun.

The nearest star cannot be seen from our northern latitude, for part of the globe of our Earth gets in the way, but if we were to travel as far south as, say, the Canary Islands, we should, any evening now, get a peep at it, due south, and a little above the horizon, shining as a very bright golden star. This star is Alpha Centauri, our Sun's nearest neighbour.

We may locate its position from Britain by drawing an imaginary line from the star Eta at the end of the Great Bear's tail, almost overhead, and continuing this line straight to Spica, near Mars, and then straight on to a point almost as far again.

Sun's Nearest Neighbour

This point will be far below the horizon, but if we could rise about 500 miles above Britain, so as to be able to see over the edge of the Earth, we should see a very bright white star, like Spica—Beta Centauri; while to the left, about three times as far as Spica is now from Mars, we should see the golden Alpha Centauri.

Now, this star is much nearer to us than any other, its light taking only 4½ years to reach us, compared with 8½ years from Sirius, which lies far away to the right, these two forming with our Sun a great triangle, with Sirius at the apex.

In the Children's Newspaper for January 10 an idea of the size and distance of Sirius was given by an imaginary model, in which our Sun was represented by a one-inch ball placed 9 ft. 2 in. away from a scarcely-visible grain of sand, the Earth, while Sirius was represented by a two-inch ball and a one-inch ball, both of which should be placed 760 miles away, say, in the south of France, so as to be at their relative distances in proportion to their size.

Mighty Span of Space

To introduce Alpha Centauri into our model we must get two one-inch balls, one bright and golden just like our Sun-ball, and the other less bright, both of which should be placed about 400 miles away, say, on the borders of Switzerland, or as far as Aberdeen is from London.

Thus we get an exact idea of the relative sizes as compared with the distances separating our Sun from its nearest companions; and when we remember that the diameter of the one-inch ball represents 864,000 miles, the diameter of our Sun, we have but to find how many inches there are in a mile, and multiply them 400 times, to find the measure of this colossal span of space.

Twins Millions of Miles Apart

Alpha Centauri is composed of two stars about the same size as ours, which revolve once in 79 years, at an average distance apart of about 2230 million miles—that is, 24 times the Earth's distance from the Sun. In our model of Alpha Centauri, therefore, the two balls should be placed 220 feet apart.

As seen from the Earth, these twin stars are very beautiful objects in even a small telescope. The great space between them of 2230 million miles can be easily seen, appearing almost exactly a hundredth part of the apparent width of the Moon as seen with the naked eye.

There are evidences of planets revolving round these stars that are so like our own in age and condition, so perhaps when a great telescope is erected in our southern hemisphere, we may fear of planets being seen—one the size of Jupiter would be visible, and, possibly, a world as small as our Earth. G. F. M.

A Splendid New Story of School Life Begins Next Week · By T.C. Bridges

THE UNKNOWN TRAIL

A Tale of Terror and Adventure in the Sunless Depths of the Amazon Forest

Told by
Edward Wright

CHAPTER 44

When the City Blew Up

THE boy and girl had slipped down as soon as they heard the raging voice of the rebel officer. His shots splattered on the rock. It was still black night, and Joy wriggled noiselessly away, in forest fashion, keeping touch with Ted behind her.

"Surround the place!" rang out the command. "And fetch more torches."

A company of men answered their captain's call, and, with electric torches, closed round the crag, searching the ground as they went. By this time the queen and her companion were beyond the ring of foes, and were crawling from boulder to boulder towards the city.

The noise of the guns increased to a prolonged roll of shattering sound. Deafened by it, Joy almost crept into a column of troops going down the slope at a double. Drawing a little back, she and Ted found themselves near a commander and his staff.

"Manco means business," an officer shouted in the clamour of the artillery. "We are putting a shrapnel curtain all along the eastern front. But our first line is weakening."

"I can't help admiring the old Inca," said another man. "He has only a few rifles, but the charges of his forest spearmen are terrifying. Our machine-guns cannot stop them."

"Wait till the field-guns open fire," said a third staff officer. "Manco is clever, but he only has simple savages, used to brushes with Tupis. It's a great pity he's against us; he knows every yard of our ground."

Joy pressed Ted's hand, to show her delight at the news of her uncle's success. She drew away from the enemy group, for fear of being discovered.

At last they got back to the city, and found the working people thronging the streets. Fear was in all faces upon which a flicker of light fell. In the large square, by a temple of the Sun, a man in priestly dress was trying to make himself heard through the crashings of the guns. Ted and Joy worked close to him.

"When the sacred Sun rises," he screamed, "the Children of the Sun shall triumph! Manco, the traitor, is a witch doctor from the forest. He can only fight in darkness. Be strong in hopes and wait for the sunrise!"

Getting out of the crowded square the boy and girl learned that there was yet half an hour to dawn. They could do nothing but find a shelter and wait. They chose a rock cellar under a small shop, and waited, hand in hand, in the darkness.

Suddenly it seemed that the solid rock, in which they were almost enclosed, was swaying in an earthquake. There came a roar in which the guns were drowned, and a wave of hot, dense air flooded the cellar.

CHAPTER 45

Joy in Despair

THE second explosive store has blown up first," said Ted, crouching in a corner of the cellar. "I am stifling. I cannot breathe," the girl complained. "Let us go out."

Ted threw his arms round her, and held her.

"You cannot! You cannot!" he cried. "When the big store goes up it will clear the streets."

Joy began to cry. Her people it was who were suffering, and though

they were fighting against her, she was overcome by grief for them.

"If only I had been wiser," she sobbed, "I would have brought my royal dress with me. Then the women in the streets would have followed me."

Before Ted could find a way of comforting her, there was another volcanic roar and a shock like an earthquake. The boy waited an instant for the terrific volumes of explosive fume to clear, then he pushed the cellar trap door. It would not open.

"The house has tumbled on us, Joy," he said.

"If we must die together, we must," said the little queen sadly. "I have no wish to live. My people cannot love me."

Ted had no desire to perish. Gently he talked to Joy, while fixing some red stuff in a crack in the stone trap door.

"It is only a touch of dynamite," he explained. "It may make the air rather thick for a time, but it will not hurt."

He set the fuse, and the slight explosion cracked the stone, and it crashed. Standing on Joy's shoulder, he was able to raise the bits of flooring and roofing, and climb into the ruined house.

The main walls were firm, but the roof had fallen in. Joy was lifted up, and in intense expectation the two destroyers of the city went out to see what they had done.

Ted was appalled by the sight that met his eyes. He felt dizzy and sick, and his knees began to give way.

He would have fallen had not the queen brought him to himself by a wailing scream. He held her, but could not speak.

It was Manco's spearmen who had been caught in the first explosion. They had used the last half hour of darkness with desperate courage and skill, conquering the eastern side of the city, where the first explosion took place. Most of them were dead. Upon many there had fallen the houses by which they had been taking cover while gathering for another charge. Some wounded cried for help from the ruins.

With urgent work facing them the boy and girl recovered their self-control. Separating, they sped towards the most desperate cases. Ted was dragging a spearman from a heap of stones, when he heard Joy calling.

"Your father, brother! I have found your father!"

"Coming!" answered Ted.

He dragged the spearman into the open air. His father was stretched in a by-street, senseless, and bleeding in the head.

"He is stunned," said Joy, bringing water to bathe the colonel's face. "I don't think his brain is hurt."

Ici on Parle Français

THE TWO GATES

This is from the Sermon on the Mount, in Matthew, chapter seven.

12. Tout ce que vous voulez que les hommes fassent pour vous, faites-le de même pour eux, car c'est la loi et les prophètes.

13. Entrez par la porte étroite. Car large est la porte, spacieux est le chemin qui mènent à la perdition, et il y en a beaucoup qui entrent par là.

14. Mais étroite est la porte, resserré le chemin qui mènent à la vie, et il y en a peu qui les trouvent.

It was not. Colonel Lanaway quickly came to, and began to help in the search. Knowing where his companions had been, he discovered Cheeseman and Lincer buried in the wreckage, but alive and practically uninjured. They owed their luck to the fact that they were waiting in reserve with a machine-gun. Captain Daish was in the open, on the eastern slope, with Sam and Bill and the Tupis. The Tupis had fled, but the Englishmen remained.

"Now we must find Manco," exclaimed the colonel. "Things were so bad that the brave old man was right in the front, near the western side."

"But you were winning. Dad, when the explosions smashed everything up," said Ted.

"Were we, sonny?" said his father grimly. "I did not know it. It seemed both to Manco and me that we were already done for. Our men had reached as far as the centre square, but most of them were down. They were great in open country in darkness, but for street fighting their spears were no good against grenades and firearms of every kind."

CHAPTER 46

Ollantay's Mad End

GREATLY relieved was Ted when he learned that he had not turned victory into annihilating defeat, but had saved a doomed remnant of the loyal army while breaking the rebels.

He comforted Joy by giving her the English view of the action, while they were searching for

The opening chapters of a grand new story of school life will appear on this page next week. It is called

THE MYSTERY MAN and is written by T. C. Bridges. You will enjoy reading this story as much as you did "Martin Crusoe" and "The Sky Riders," both of which were written by this popular author.

MAKE SURE OF YOUR COPY OF NEXT WEEK'S C.N. BY PLACING AN ORDER NOW

Manco. It was the colonel who rescued the old Inca, but it was a hopeless kind of rescue.

"I was shot before the explosions," said the dying man. "Nothing else struck me. Tend me not. You will only hurt me. I shall die before I say all I wish to. Bend down, Joy! Bend down!"

His voice grew weaker. Joy could scarcely hear it.

"The great treasure is safe," he murmured. "My successor has it. Remain, maid, keep with the father of the Child of Flame. Trust him. He knows—my wishes—for— you."

Then he went on in broken murmurs that could not be understood. Half raising himself, he looked at Ted, and fell back. A great soul, with a terrible idea, had passed away. Joy wept, while the colonel and his friends took up the dead Inca, and carried him into the ruined temple.

With a small troop of surviving spearmen Ted explored the western side of the city. Here the force of explosion of the far greater store of chemicals had produced indescribable ruin. Most of the explosive, designed for the conquest of South America, had been detonated. What rebels escaped destruction had fled in panic terror, with the remaining working folk.

"There is no danger of a return attack," said Colonel Lanaway, surveying the awful wreckage. "We can go back to the Golden City, as Manco directed."

By the side of the English leader stood the Quichuan who had guided Joy and Ted to the mountains. He stooped before the mournful little girl, and kissed her forehead. His face was hard and set, but a sigh broke from his heaving breast.

"Farewell, O Star of all our Joy!" he said. "You go with the stranger, as Manco directed."

"Yes," murmured the girl queen; "the Inca told me."

"All that Manco worked for," exclaimed the Quichuan, "is the dead dream of a dead man. Upon me is the task placed. I have the great treasure, but my ways are my own. I need no secret cities or fortresses. The Children of the Sun are going down to the coast, to live with the Spaniards there. We have wealth and we have knowledge. I plan to use both. Farewell, my queen!"

"Farewell, Inca," said Joy, clinging to Ted's arm.

Manco's successor strode down the western steep, and was lost amid the rocks.

With him went the spearmen, bearing the body of the last male Inca of the ancient blood royal. They also took with them many injured men.

Ted was returning to the eastern side, with Joy still holding his arm, when a shot broke the solemn stillness of the ruined city. Joy felt a bullet go by, and sought for shelter. Raging like a madman, a tall golden figure rushed, with an uplifted axe, towards the crouching girl.

It was Ollantay.

"Mine! Thou art mine!" he shrieked. "I am ascending in glory to the Sun. Thou art my sacrifice!"

Ted had a Webley, given him by his father. Covering Joy, he shot at the breastplate of gold, and with a bullet in his heart Ollantay fell. Ted would have left him untouched, but Sam and Bill coveted the golden ornaments.

"Stop that!" ordered the colonel. "Leave the villain where he has fallen. He wears a stolen part of the Inca treasure. Leave it on his false body. Those to whom it rightly belongs now will return for it when we are gone."

The colonel collected his Tupis, and marched to the Golden City by the royal road. There he dug up, as directed by Manco, a bag of rubies.

"Joy, this is your treasure," he said. "I will take it to England for you, if you will come with me."

"You will come with us, sister?" asked Ted.

"I will come with you, brother," replied the brave girl, who had once been queen of a mighty people.

And so it came about.

Without waiting to complete his map of the Golden River, Colonel Lanaway worked back to the Mamore, and by the time the exploring party arrived at Manao, and entered a British steamer, Joy was able to speak very fair English, for Ted had been her tutor. In bright mood, she was looking forward to her new life in a new country.

THE END

Notes and Queries

What is Queen Anne's Bounty? Queen Anne's Bounty is a fund founded by Queen Anne in 1703 to increase the stipends of poor clergymen and to improve clerical residences.

What does K.P. mean? The initials K.P. after a man's name mean that he is a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick.

What is a Lapsus Linguae? Lapsus linguae is Latin for a slip of the tongue, and means a mistake in uttering a word.

What is a Firman? A firman is an official decree issued by the Turkish Government, and is a Persian word meaning mandate.

Five-Minute Story

The Night Alarm

THE whirring ceased; the great wheels revolved slower and slower, and at last stopped altogether. The day's work was done. And the six thousand hands employed in the varied process of jute spinning at Dunlowe's factory began to leave.

A pale-faced, undersized boy, about fourteen years old, stood before one of the great spinning-frames, too tired almost to move. It was six o'clock now, and he had worked from six that morning, with only half an hour's interval for breakfast, and an hour for dinner—ten and a half hours in an atmosphere thick with the flying fragments of jute.

At one end of the great room in which he worked were piled a great number of bales of raw jute, tough, coarse fibre, with a penetrating and objectionable smell.

Peter Kemp crawled wearily to where the bales stood in piled-up heaps, and threw himself down to rest upon them.

The great gates outside would not shut for an hour; by that time he would feel sufficiently recovered to crawl home.

It was quite dark when he awoke. For a moment he did not realise where he was. He sat up shivering. The moon, shining in the windows, fell brightly on the long spinning-frames.

Realisation came to him. He had slept for hours. The gates would be closed now.

Shivering, he made his way to where the furnaces burned, banked-up, ready for the work of the following day. To his surprise neither the night watchman nor the man who looked after the fires was to be seen. Wondering at their absence, he stretched himself upon a heap of sacks, and, with the warmth from the furnaces, again fell fast asleep.

He was awakened a second time by the sound of voices.

There were four men talking. Two of them, the night watchman and the fireman, he knew; the other voices were strange.

"What you've got to do," said one of them, "is to wreck the engine. That'll take weeks and weeks to repair, and will show old Dunlowe that we are in earnest in our demands. He is the only mill-owner who stands out against the union, and we intend to convert him—by fair means or foul."

Peter knew nothing of the rights and wrongs of the dispute between old Dunlowe, as he was called, and his employees. But one thing he did know, and that was that if these men carried out their intention of wrecking the machinery, six thousand men, women, and children would be thrown out of work.

And that meant starvation.

Quietly he stretched out his hand and grasped a long string that hung close to where he lay.

The next instant the great steam whistle screamed a note of alarm into the night.

Dunlowe's was saved.

Peter, a man now, loved and respected by the workers, is old Dunlowe's right-hand man.

June 5, 1920



The Sun Breaks Through The Darkest Clouds



D! MERRYMAN

"WHY are the days longer in summer than in winter?" asked the teacher.

"Because it is warmer in summer, and that causes everything to expand," answered the boy at the bottom of the class.

The Zoo That Never Was



The Hivo

SAID Hivo to the flying thing, "You beat me altogether! I'll go, dear sir, if that's a sting, But stay if it's a feather!"

May Hughes and the Yews

MAY Hughes may use the yews that you may use, if you hew the yews that May Hughes hews. The huge U that May Hughes hews from the huge yews is a huger U than you hew from the huge yews.

What Is This?

MY first the rainbow shows
When in rich hues it glows;
My next has vowels three;
My third was once a tree;
My fourth begins the year;
My whole the past makes clear.

Solution next week

Logic

AIN't ain't a proper word, because ain't ain't in the dictionary. If ain't ain't there ain't that proving that there ain't any such word as ain't?

The Young Man from Bray



AT a footbridge a young man from Bray
With a bull once disputed the way.
Said the bull, "Let us toss
For who shall first cross"—
Which they did, and the bull won the day.

Is Your Name Morrell?

MORRELL really means Little Moor, and no doubt one of your ancestors was of a swarthy complexion, and on that account received the nickname of Morrell, which gradually became attached to his family and came down to you.

Good News

I SAID to my coal-merchant t'other day,
"Good-morning, sir; and how are coals, I pray?"
"Ah, sir," said he, "I pity all poor souls
This most expensive time, for coals are coals."
"That's good!" cried I; "the news my heart elates,
For half of those you sent me last were slates."

The Miser and the Mouse

A MISER in his chamber saw a mouse,
And cried dismayed, "What dost thou in my house?"
She, with a laugh, said, "Landlord, have no fear,
'Tis not for board but lodging I came here."

"Is your new M.P. a good orator?"
"A good orator? I should think he is! Why, he can convince you of something without taking the trouble to understand it himself."

Do You Live in Berkshire?

BERKSHIRE was originally spelt Bearrucscir, and bearruc signifies a little wood, or grove. The meaning, therefore, is the shire of the little wood.

Owing to a mistaken spelling, Baroc-scir, it used wrongly to be thought that Berkshire meant bare oak shire.

A Little French Made Easy



Le faux-col Le renne Une arche

Paul a mis un faux-col propre
Le renne est utile aux Lapons
Il nous faudra passer sous l'arche



La passerelle Le lièvre La meule

On va à bord par la passerelle
Ce garçon court comme un lièvre
Allons dormir sous la meule de foin

Puzzle Rhyme

WHEN all are gay this holds the sway;

But take a letter out,
That change of fare is ruling there,
You see without a doubt.
Behold me twice; it is not nice
To have this in your skin;
Lop, head and tail, and find a nail
Or tack to drive it in.
Behold this right, and in your sight

A little word you find;
But you will never make it out,
Though it is in your mind.

Solution next week

A BICYCLIST at the toll-gate of a bridge could not see from the printed list that his machine was liable until the toll-keeper pointed out the clause: "Two-wheeled vehicles, drawn by a mule or ass—twopence."

Magic Square

18	22	1	10	14
21	5	9	13	17
4	8	12	16	25
7	11	20	24	3
15	19	23	2	6

HERE is a magic square of 25 numbers, and any row of figures added together, up, across, or diagonally, will come to 65.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

The Cat up the Tree

Thirteen days would bring the cat 52 feet up the tree. On the 14th day it mounted 11 feet, and would be at the top.

What is Wrong in These Pictures?

The spathes were missing from the lilies; there were no cords to catch hold of on the lifebelt.

A Picture Lesson in Geography

The village was Daisy Bank.

The Adventures of Jerry

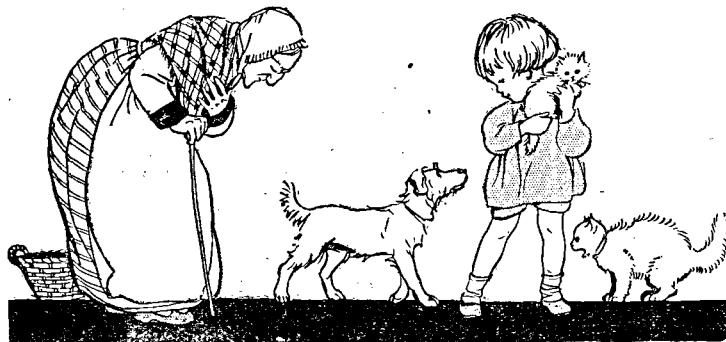
TOLD BY MARGARET LILLIE

CHAPTER 5

Jerry is resting on the heath when a little dog runs up and makes friends with him. Jerry tries to send him off, but he simply won't go

THE little white dog was a splendid companion. He trotted along by Jerry's side as if he had known him all his life. "Pit-a-pat! pit-a-pat!" went his strong little feet along the path till Jerry said, "I shall call you Pat," and on he ran, crying "Pat! Pat! Good dog!"

Pat barked joyfully and rushed after him, and on and on they went till they came to a tiny wooden cottage tucked away



"Whatever shall I do if they fight?" cried Jerry

among the trees. Jerry went up to the porch and looked in. A little old woman in a red shawl was bending over the hearth with a pair of bellows in her hand, trying to light a fire. And all the time she kept moaning, "Oh, my rheumatics!"

"I suppose it hurts her to stoop," thought Jerry.

"I'll blow it up for you," he said aloud, running in. "Mercy me!" exclaimed the old woman, dropping the bellows and turning round. "What a fright you gave me! What did you say?"

"I said I would blow the fire up for you," repeated Jerry.

"Well, well!" replied the old woman, "I'm sure you shall try—but be careful not to tread on the cat."

Then Jerry saw a great cat lying on the rug before the fire. He stepped carefully over it, and set to work.

The flames sprang up like magic, and the old woman was so pleased that she said,

"You are a very polite little boy. I wonder if you would like a kitten." And she went to a basket, and took out a beautiful Persian kitten, and gave it to him.

"Oh, thank you!" cried Jerry. "Indeed I should."

Just then there was a pit-pat outside, and in came Pat.

"Oh dear!" cried Jerry, snatching up his new pet. "What-

ever shall I do if they fight?"

More of Jerry next week

Jacko Gets a Thrashing

JACKO took a great interest in the garden-hose.

"Shall I water the roses, Father?" he asked one day.

"You can do what you like with the can," replied his father, "but I forbid you to touch the hose."

But there's no fun in a watering-can; and Jacko found a book, scrambled up with it into the apple-tree, and began to read.

By-and-by out came Father Jacko, dragging the hose-pipe after him. He seemed to be having trouble with it; something was wrong with the "rose."

"It's choked up with dirt," he complained, unscrewing the end.

"That young Jacko knows something about it, I'll wager!" Now, as a matter of fact, Jacko knew nothing about it, and when his father added, "I'll thrash the young scoundrel when I catch him!" Jacko nearly exploded with indignation.

He dropped his book, leaned over, and cried, "I haven't set eyes on the old thing!"

In his excitement he leaned a little too far. Down he fell with a plop on to the pipe. Poor Father was nearly deluged; and Jacko got his thrashing, after all.



Down he fell with a plop on to the pipe

Who Was She?

The Brave Queen

MARRIED before she was fifteen to a monarch with a weak intellect, a brave young princess began a stormy life which was to end in tragedy.

At her wedding, where the bridegroom did not appear in person but was represented by a nobleman, there was every sign of joy, and her bridesmaids carried garlands of flowers of the same name as herself.

Landing in her husband's country she went through the marriage ceremony again, and received as a bridal gift a lion, certainly a suggestive present in view of her after-life.

The country was divided into two factions which committed crimes and assassinations against one another, and for some of these the girl queen was blamed, although probably she was quite innocent. The king's brain gave way, and his young wife took the leading position in the realm. A war against a neighbouring country resulted in loss of territory, and this made her very unpopular.

Civil war now raged at home, the king being sometimes sane and sometimes insane, so that he became little more than a pawn, each side contending to get possession of his person and issuing orders in his name.

With bad advisers and poor generals the queen's cause was all but lost again and again, but, like her lion, she had an indomitable spirit, and rallied her forces many times. Often she had to flee into foreign countries, and once, wandering in a dark forest with her little son, she was confronted by a fierce robber outlaw. But instead of being affrighted the queen presented her boy to the outlaw, and said, "Here, my friend, save the son of your king. Take him and conceal him from those who seek his life."

The robber took the queen and her son to his cave, and there she remained with his wife for several days. Then, meeting some of her followers, she escaped abroad. Returning later, she raised her husband's standard once more, but in a fierce and final battle suffered defeat. Her son, the heir to the throne, was captured and assassinated, and she herself was caught and sent to various prisons for four years.

Afterwards she was ransomed and returned to her native land, but a fell disease overtook her and she died in 1482.

In a devotional book that had been her companion were found written in her own hand the words, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." Here is her portrait. Who was she?



Last Week's Name—Roger Bacon

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 5, 1920

Every Friday, 1½d.

Postage of the Children's Newspaper is 1d. inland, 4d. abroad, a year's postal subscription, inland, 11s.; abroad, 8s. 8d. A year's postal subscription to its monthly companion, My Magazine, is: Britain's Isles, 16s.; Canada, 13s.; elsewhere, 13s. 6d. In South Africa, Canada, and Australasia all subscriptions must go through the agents given below.

NON-STOP FROM THE CLOUDS · LONDON FOX · WIRELESS FOR FIRE BRIGADE



A Prehistoric Wedding in Devon—The Cornwood Troop of Boy Scouts in a tableau by which they raised funds towards the Great International Jamboree, or Frolic, to be held at Olympia this year



Bruin Feels Bored—These bears at the Zoo are tired of visitors, and one is gaping from sheer weariness



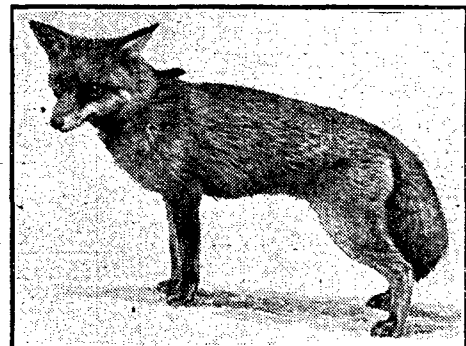
Record Helpers of the C.N. Fund—The clever pupils of St. Margaret's School, Gosforth, who raised over £46 for starving children by giving two performances, as described last week



Something Comes Down—Major Orde Lees, known as the Parachute Major, showing how to leave a non-stop machine in mid-air



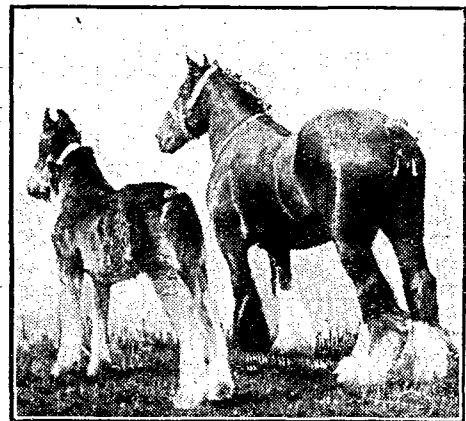
Morris Dancing on a London Common—Members of the Putney Girls' Life Brigade practising a Morris dance on Wimbledon Common for a public display



A Fox Caught in London—This animal was captured in a glass works in East London, but how it got there no one is able to say



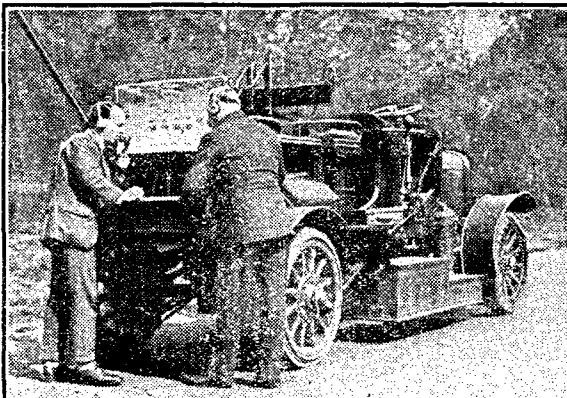
Our Friends the Owls—These young tawny owls are very good friends of man, for they are our best allies in the war against rats



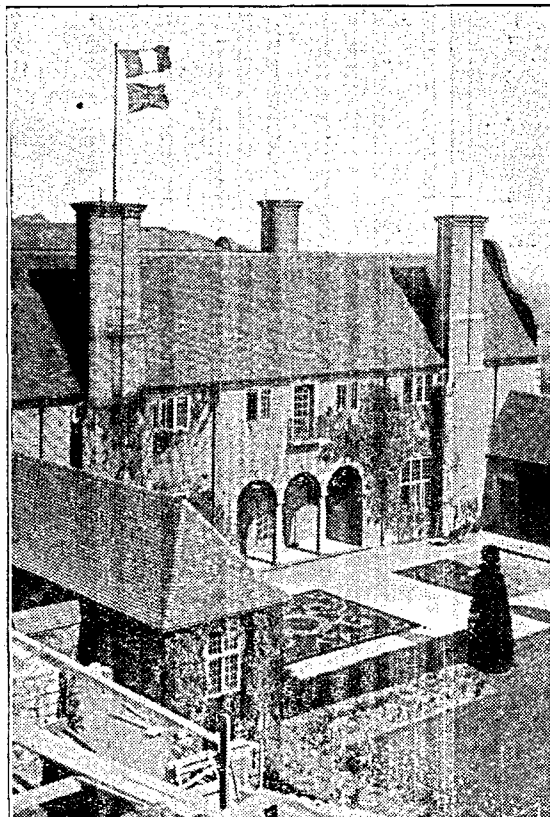
A Prize-winning Cart-horse and Foal—This fine shire mare, shown here with her foal, won a prize at the Newark Agricultural Show



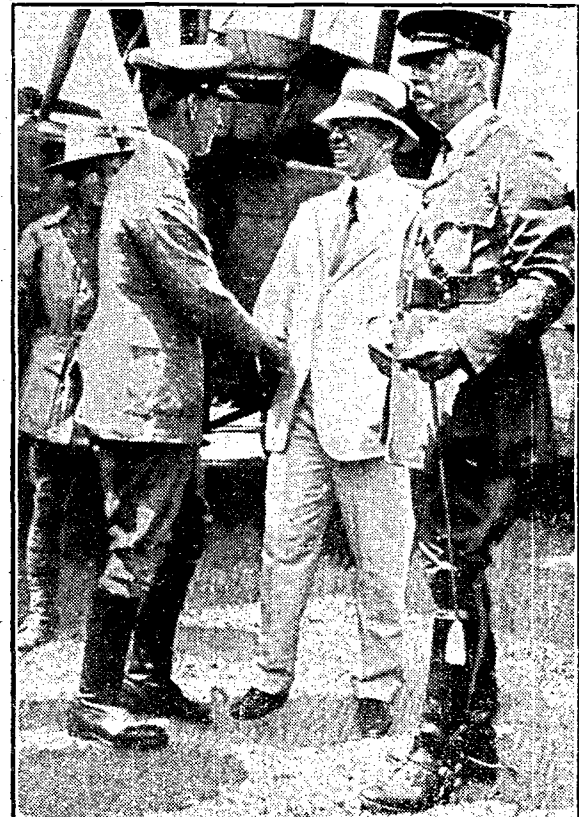
Open-air Luncheon for Babies—A hotel for babies has been started in London; and here we see the inmates lunching in the garden under the care of trained nurses



Wireless for the Fire Brigade—The London firemen are experimenting with wireless telephony, which they hope to use when summoning further help at a fire. This picture shows a tender with the wireless apparatus



A Beautiful House Where History Was Made—The home of Sir Philip Sassoon at Lympne, near Folkestone, where the British and French Premiers met recently to discuss the great financial questions of the Peace. See page one



Flying Hero Greeted the C.N.—Sir Keith Smith, who made the great flight from England to Australia, being greeted by a representative of the C.N. after flying from Melbourne to Sydney